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The Waste Land

The lives of hundreds of Italians have just been terribly blighted by the escape of a poisonous cloud. Priests appear on the radio to warn against 'sexual intercourse that might lead to procreation'. Pets and clothing are destroyed. A significant area of land may have to be wired off and left barren and empty, perhaps for ever, in which case it ought to be called the Hoffman La Roche Memorial Park. Describing this appalling tragedy, the *Sunday Times* wrote that 'as the disaster has no precedent on anything approaching this scale, its full magnitude will not be known for months, or even years'. But the Italian Government has invited a Vietnamese scientist to come and advise them. Professor Ton That Thut knows the precedents.

The population of central and southern Vietnam carry in their bodies the grim facts revealed in a book published, coincidentally, last month. *Ecological Consequences of the Second Indochina War*, prepared for the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute by Professor Arthur Westing, is a reminder of how double a standard can be. The chemical trichlorophenol, which figures largely in the nightmare of northern Italy, formed part of the defoliant spray which was dumped indiscriminately over 10 per cent of the land area of South Vietnam. This area was sprayed and poisoned an average of 1.5 times. About 14 per cent of the spray attacks were directly aimed at food-producing areas; the rest at forested parts which were thought to shelter guerrillas. One spraying with the 'orange' agent (the one released in Italy) would kill one in ten trees in thickly wooded areas, and almost all mangroves. One third of the mangroves of South Vietnam have been completely eradicated, leaving only mud-flats and wasteland behind. Since the usefulness of mangroves lies in their part in stabilising land in tidal deltas, the American blitzkrieg against them has led to severe and continued erosion. This is one reason why South Vietnam turned from being a net exporter into a net importer of rice during the war.

After 1945, the count of war crimes and crimes against humanity included the diversion of food from occupied civilian territories for military purposes. Part of the successful indictment of Goering at Nuremberg included this recognition. United States authorities in Tokyo also supported the prosecution of Japanese military overlords for extensive crop destruction in China. Vietnam was, if anything, even worse. The *United States Army Field Manual* permits measures to 'destroy, through chemical or bacterial agents harmless to man, crops intended solely for consumption by the armed forces (if that fact can be determined)'. But the dioxin compounds used by the United States war effort were by no means harmless to man – they were known to cause birth defects in mammals – and were, for that reason, not cleared for use in United States agriculture.

The level of concentration of the poison was probably not as high in Vietnam as it is in Seveso. But the frightening thing about the compound chemical involved is its persistence. Temperatures of 800 degrees centigrade are required to burn dioxin. No known chemical agent or natural decaying process will work to break it down. And in ten or even 20 years Italian doctors may be receiving patients who are displaying the first symptoms of disease from the stuff.

The Vietnamese suffered a great deal besides this eerie assault on their metabolism. There are 21 million bomb and 229 million shell craters disfiguring their landscape and often making agriculture impossible. Two per cent of the total land area was scraped bare by huge ploughs and bulldozers, to create free fire zones and to make the soil uncultivable. Napalm is part of everybody's memory. But these measures seem tolerable and even familiar beside the deliberate drenching of populated woodland with chemical sprays whose long-term effect on life was unknown. Everybody will feel sympathy for the Italian villagers who were struck down by this science-fiction tragedy, and struck down by a firm which refused to learn the lessons of earlier mishaps. Everybody is now concerned to find an answer and prevent a repetition. When Vietnam was being poisoned and desolated, it wasn't so much that the poisoners did not know the results as that they just didn't care.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Hurrah for the Hols!

'Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!' shouted the boys and girls as they raced down the Ways and Means Corridor, satchels flying, ties flapping, socks around their ankles. 'No more school, no more stick, no more blooming arithmetic! No more Latin, no more French, no more sitting on the old back bench! No more cuts, no more votes, no more nonsense from the Ian Sproats! No more Fookes, no more Knox, no more bullying from Michael Cocks!'

They rushed out into the Palace Yard, where their parents were loading up the shooting-brakes. There were piles of trunks and tuckboxes in the corner, with the owners' names clearly painted, and the junior pupils were pointing out the senior ones to their parents: 'That's Crosland – he's a swot . . . that's Loopy Joseph – Healey says he's bonkers . . . that's Wilson Major – no, not that one, that's just Jimmy Tinn . . . that's Maxwell-Hyslop – we call him Boffin, he's only scored one goal in his life but when he did he saved the match for his house . . . that's Dave Penhooligan, the Steel House thug . . . that's Peewee Shore, the school drip . . . that's Jenkins Major – his parents gave him an unlimited account at the tuckshop, he's leaving now, the Red Hand gang say good riddance to bad rubbish . . . that's Stonehouse, he's been in detention nearly all term . . . I think that's Ryman but I haven't seen him around . . .'

In the changing room, Fat Boy Hattersley is gathering up his football togs. 'I say, chaps, has anyone seen my left boot?' 'I say chaps,' mimicked Skinner, the biggest bully in the Red Hand Gang, 'has anybody seen Rattersley's left boot? Oh look, here it is. Oh dear, now Cryer's got it.' Cryer passes the boot to Kinnock, Kinnock to Kerr, Kerr heads it to Sedgemore, Sedgemore to Litterick, Litterick to Latham. 'Hey, Latham, come on, be a sport,' says the Fat Boy plaintively, 'give it to me. I've got to go to Brussels.' 'Got to go to Brussels, got to go to Brussels,' they chant. 'Look fellows,' says the Fat Boy. 'I know it's the end of term, but Callaghan says school rules still apply, and I am a monitor, you know.' 'I am a monitor, you know,' they chrous. 'Fat Boy's a monitor,' says Kinnock, the most popular boy in the school, 'but he's not a prefect, isn't it? You were specking on becoming a prefect, weren't you, Rat-Boy? Bought your prefect's tie already, isn't it?' 'It's not fair, I wasn't specking.' 'Watch out, he's going to start blubbing again.'

As the cars left, an eerie silence descended on the school. Old Stinker wandered round the empty corridors, turning out lights, gathering up lost property, shutting off taps. A feeling of melancholy came over him, as it always did at the end of the Summer Term, he didn't know why. Yesterday, he was longing to see the last of them. Discipline had been at its worst since he could remember. There was something different about this generation of boys (and of course girls) – a lack of respect for the traditions of the establishment. Heseltine for instance, he'd always been such a promising pupil, bright, upright, hard-working, ambitious, never wet his bed . . . and then suddenly, to be caught *stealing*. He'd owned up at once, of course, had to under the circumstances, and he'd taken his punishment well. But the damage that sort of thing did was incalculable.

In the changing room, he came upon Harold Walker's Litesome Guard, which he didn't touch, and a left boot marked Hattersley. Why the boys couldn't keep their things together was beyond him. Further on, he came to the San, which had been so busy this term. Beyond the San lay his office, and the pile of reports which he still had to go through. This was the most difficult task, thinking of things to say without getting the parents too angry. Van Straubenzee: 'William is a gifted and considerate pupil, but he has been mixing in bad company recently and spends far too much time making nature notes . . .' Macdonald: 'Oonagh is new here, and seems very promising, but she has already fallen under the influence of the older girls. I've had to warn her off Judith Hart, for whom she seems to have developed a . . .'

Old Stinker liked to think of the school as one great big family. Competition was encouraged of course, the whole system was based on it, but cooperation was more important still. So he had been rather stern about Smith: 'Cyril has simply not been pulling his weight. Every time he's crossed, he goes off into sulks. He has a reputation for telling tales, which is most unsavoury.' And Pardoe: 'This has been a difficult term for John, and a disappointing one, although I'm glad to see that he is now mucking in with the rest. He tends to take things too seriously, and can't accept the occasional ragging. He should learn to keep his hair on.' And Steel: 'I really must say David has surprised us all with his sense of responsibility and level-headedness. He has shown a real talent for managing awkward situations without forgetting his own advantage. He has gone far, and although I doubt if he'll go much further he should be pleased to have made so much of his talents at such an early age.'

The report forms came in various colours, denoting the different houses. Turning from the small orange pile, Old Stinker began to leaf through the blues. Heath: 'I must say that since he was demoted Edward has made things very difficult for all of us. He is squandering his enormous reputation in the school, and causing a great deal of bad blood in his house. He seems to think that this is the way to get promotion, but he is wrong. His recent performances in the debating society have left a lot to be desired.' Howe: 'Geoffrey has a very responsible position, which he is obviously trying very hard to live up to, poor boy.' Thatcher: 'Margaret is finding it difficult to run her house, but she is doing better than many of us expected. I have one complaint, which is that her essays are often written by groups of other people, and therefore sometimes make no sense at all. She relies far too heavily on *Cosgrave's Cribs*, which is not a respectable book and should be avoided. I can't understand why she is so aloof towards that nice, bright boy Walker Major.'

Among the pink forms, Old Stinker had spent most time and attention on his farewell remarks about Jenkins Major: 'I shall be sorry to lose Roy, and so will 56 of the pupils. His achievements have been remarkable, and they are aptly crowned by his winning of the Brussels Memorial Scholarship, which I think is the largest award ever received by one of our boys. I hope he spends it wisely. Roy has been a most assiduous pupil, and in his own way very determined. He has not been afraid, on occasion, to stick his neck, such as it is, out, and there have been times when I thought him a divisive influence in his house. I hope he is not bitter about not becoming Head Boy . . .'

There was a knock at the door. 'You asked me to come in and see you, sir, when everyone had gone.' 'Ah yes, Callaghan, come in and sit down. Just an informal chat. Would you like a glass of sherry?' 'Er, no thanks, sir, I don't touch the stuff.' 'Nor you do, of course, I'd forgotten. Well, I think I will. End of term and all that.' Old Stinker eyed the bright-faced young man and thought: I wonder if I made a mistake by not appointing that nice young whippersnapper Benn. But then he remembered that Benn didn't drink, either – just gallons and gallons of tea. Something wrong with the young these days, he thought, and for the first time he began to regret the fact that he'd lost Wilson Major as Head Boy. Callaghan was doing his job well enough, in many ways, but by God he was dull. 'I hope you realise,' said Old Stinker, 'that you can't go on at school for ever. At some stage, you know, you have to grow up.' 'Oh yes, sir,' said Callaghan beaming, 'but I think I've got several years more service ahead of me.' Old Stinker poured himself another sherry – this time a large one.

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Christopher Price

The New Lawmakers

Lord Wilberforce and his fellow judges, in backing Lords Denning, Scarman and Lane, have not only given Tameside their grammar schools back; they have also made new law. This is the second major reinterpretation of the 1944 Education Act by Lord Denning in recent years. On the first occasion, in 1967, he ruled against the Labour Enfield Council and for Enfield Grammar School; now he has discomfited Mr Mulley and resuscitated five Tameside grammar schools. Anyone unfamiliar with his undoubted judicial impartiality might get the impression that he was not very keen on either the Labour Party or comprehensive schools.

One does not, however, even countenance such thoughts in our British judiciary. Eleven judges in three courts have interpreted the law and the facts of the case as they saw them; during the House of Lords Appeal, this could only be described as 'through a glass darkly'. It had all the flavour of a television panel-game for senior citizens, with five elderly gentlemen each peering out of his appropriate pigeon-hole, framed by bookcases, heavy with legal tomes. They were constantly pressing their buzzers, as it were, and popping nasty questions to the lawyers. 'What exactly,' inquired Lord Russell, a comfortable, avuncular type, 'is the difference between a comprehensive and a secondary modern?' An easy one, thought Mr Bingham, Mr Mulley's QC: 'A comprehensive is a school which took everyone from the cleverest to' – a distinct pause as he sought his *mot juste* – 'the stupidest.' The definition seemed to strike a nostalgic chord in the one Etonian among their lordships, Lord Dilhorne; slumped in his pigeon-hole like a superannuated elk, he raised a knowing eyebrow. Then they got on to selection procedures. 'What were the difficulties in picking the right children for grammar schools?' Again Mr Bingham found suitable academic analogies for their lordships – four Oxonians, and one – the odd man out, Lord Salmon – from Cambridge. 'It was a bit like picking as a mere Exhibitioner someone who might turn out later to be *scholarship material*. Or that awkward problem of distinguishing between an alpha minus minus and a beta double plus.' Five enlightened judicial heads nodded sagely.

During the case, it looked as though they were going to split down the middle, since Lord Wilberforce, the distinguished-looking Wykehamist chairman, with a Wykehamist sort of way of putting things, kept needling Lord Diplock, a diminutive sparrow-like lord with a permanent grin on his face. But in the event, all this posturing turned out to be a gentle charade and they went against Mr Mulley unanimously. The most potent argument seemed to be Lord Diplock's. Mr Mulley said Tameside were unreasonable because, without teacher cooperation, they had no hope of picking the children fairly. 'Aha,' perked up Diplock, surely it was not '"reasonable" to give in to blackmail'. It was a measure of the chasm which, a century after the introduction of compulsory education, stands in the minds of the English Establishment between teaching and any sort of professional status. When doctors exercise professional judgment it is called clinical freedom and never questioned. When teachers do the same our judges categorise it as blackmail and dereliction of duty.

It is not yet clear how the Tameside teachers are going to react to the decision. The backbone of the opposition to the

'Goldilocks and the Three Bears': A Fairy Story (*Garland is on holiday*)

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council has been the National Association of Head Teachers – in other respects quite the most reactionary of all the teachers' associations. But on this question – rushed, unfair selection – they have their principles, which they still seem disinclined to turn upside down at the behest of some elderly judges. There are further endless avenues of litigation and complaint open to the parents – to the Equal Opportunities Commission (only 60 of the 240 places are going to girls), the local Ombudsman, appeals to the minister in the case of ultimate dissatisfaction with the school their child ends up at – whether grammar or secondary modern.

This is Mr Mulley's next headache. Section 68 has been principally used in the past to arbitrate, in a handful of difficult cases, on the allocation of pupils to schools. These cases have arisen in spite of the scrupulous selection and appeal procedures of the councils involved. The spatchcocked job at Tameside will be calculated to produce hundreds of such appeals from one authority alone. But Mr Mulley will be powerless to act. The Appeal Court and the House of Lords have effectively taken away his reserve powers as Secretary of State.

The Tameside Tories, on the other hand, are naturally jubilant. Though the comprehensive plan had been approved, it will not now be implemented, and this leaves them free to re-establish their five grammar schools. Had they been forced to open all their schools as comprehensives in September, they would have had no chance of back-pedalling later – ironically because of the 1968 Education Act which was brought in to clarify Lord Denning's last reinterpretations of education law, and put a brake on any change in the status of schools.

Moreover, the judgment has thrown into question the whole operation of the Bill at present before the House of Lords, which many have assumed will shortly solve the whole problem. The Bill contains no sort of ministerial *diktat*, but is rather a mixture of local authority duties to 'have regard' to the 'comprehensive principle' and ministerial powers to chivvy. These powers are now wide open to affluent and litigious Tories, who may increasingly use the courts to win the battles they have lost at the hands of the British electorate. It is dangerous ground for Lords Denning and Scarman to stray into – more dangerous perhaps than they realise, and it has certainly put paid to any Bill of Rights ever being supported by the Labour Party.

One sees what their lordships are after – particularly Leslie Scarman, who has an acute regard for civil liberties. He is broadly in favour of Davids and against Goliaths, and it was his judgment which has curbed ministerial discretion so dramatically. But ministerial discretion can be used to protect as well as to oppress; and it is unfortunate that he has picked this occasion to make his judicial incursion into the parliamentary field.

The 1955 Education Act ordained a *national* system of education, run by local education authorities, under the *control* and *direction* of the minister. In introducing section 68 in the House of Lords, Lord Simon, the Lord Chancellor – an eminent lawyer – insisted that it would be quite inappropriate for judges to intervene in these matters. One should trust the minister. Denning and Scarman have now turned this interpretation on its head; the essence of their judgment is that the courts can intervene; they should *not* trust the minister; on the contrary they should in effect make detailed educational inquiries and, if necessary, virtually substitute their educational judgment for his. Before the original 1944 Bill reached the Lords, it contained a clause with a very much clearer definition of the minister's powers of intervention. Last Tuesday I introduced a Bill to put this clause back into the Act. It is too late now to avoid what the editor of the *Times Educational Supplement* has called the 'bitter fruits of Tameside's victory'. But legislation must be introduced to make it clear both to the now itchingly litigious Mr St John-Stevas and our noble judiciary that it is a democratic Parliament rather than our legal Establishment which makes English law.

Margarita Jimenez

Spain Gets Half an Amnesty

For months Spain has been the scene of massive demonstrations demanding a total amnesty and full political liberty. Since the formation of the new government headed by Adolfo Suarez, the man from the *Movimiento*, popular pressure has mounted to an unprecedented degree. Now the new government has been forced to give in to this mass protest – up to a point. Its first priority was an amnesty since it realised that it was a precondition for any dialogue with the still illegal opposition groups as well as a means of reducing its own unpopularity. But for the Spanish people total amnesty is a precondition for the country's transformation into a European-style democracy. More important still, it would symbolise the final healing of the wounds of the civil war: the reconciliation between the conquerors and the conquered – the two Spains. The Government hedged, rumours flew about a generous amnesty, but there was obvious dissension within the Government about how generous the amnesty should be. People were deeply disappointed when the King, on his visit to the shrine of St James of Compostela, the patron saint of Spain, made no reference to the amnesty. But last Friday, when the official government statement was finally released, after a day of dramatic events, the public's disillusion was even greater. The statement was ambiguously worded, insultingly brief and confusing, more like a postscript to the King's pardon granted last November. The statement failed even to mention the two key demands: a labour amnesty and the return of political exiles. In short, until the full text of the amnesty (which is bound to be full of lacunae and legalistic Catch 22s) is published no one knows what it really means.

As Spain waited for the amnesty two workers lay in hospital, victims of police bullets fired the night before during a demonstration in Madrid demanding the readmission of workers sacked from a local factory. One of the wounded, an illegal shop steward from Standard Electric, lay severely wounded in a hospital where police denied entrance to his family. While workers met outside the hospital offering blood donations, the police charged. Three Madrid plants of Standard, an ITT subsidiary, went on strike and were followed by solidarity strikes in other factories in the country. That night a pro-amnesty demonstration was banned by the police.

It was against this background that the scanty details of the partial amnesty emerged. Amnesty is to be given for crimes which are politically motivated or motivated by political opinion under the penal code. It will not be granted to 'blood crimes', crimes endangering someone's life or the nation's 'co-existence'. There is to be an administrative amnesty: those sacked from public posts, such as civil servants, university professors and the army officers sentenced last March for allegedly belonging to a military

Roger Woddis

Kicking and Screaming

Sound-proof rooms are to be provided by Portsmouth council for people who come to them with housing problems.

Homeless, are you? Not to worry:
Be our guest and let off steam.
In the rooms that we've provided
You can have a quiet scream.

Couples cooped up with their in-laws
Can relax in sound-proof cells:
Pompey, dripping with compassion,
Will not count the decibels.

Yours the torture and the tension,
Ours the roof above your head:
You won't need accommodation
Once you learn to swear instead.

Blast the borough, curse the council,
Nests are strictly for the birds:
Domiciles of bricks and mortar
Cannot match four-letter words.

Everything that causes heartache
And a thousand natural shocks
Can be ended if we put them
In a cosy council box.

And if anyone should question
If we're heading for a boom,
Portsmouth has a simple answer:
Put them in a padded room.

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democratic union, will be freed although the officers will be stripped of their army status. The same applies to 200 - 300 conscientious objectors. A labour amnesty is up to each individual factory management.

On the whole the opposition have received the amnesty with optimistic reserve. They see it as a step forward but are waiting until it is put into practice. They all emphasise the fact that the amnesty was forced upon the Government by popular pressure. They do not see it as a launching pad for a democratic regime. They reject the use of the term 'amnesty' for men and women who have not committed a crime but who have fought against an illegal situation imposed by an illegal state. The struggle for a total amnesty must continue, they say. And they point to the amnesty's unacceptably narrow terms. The exclusion of the Basques is bound to have repercussions. The whole question is complex and subtle: the Basque country has suffered massive repression from the central government and for many Basques theirs is an occupied country. 'Terrorists' have been tried under drumhead courts martial without any proper legal defence. 'Terrorism' includes breaking a window pane during a demonstration, harbouring an ETA suspect.

The other mistake on the Government's part is the nonchalant way it has dealt with the question of a labour amnesty. Thousands of workers have been sacked, fined, their jobs and wages suspended, their names added to the notorious blacklist for taking part in labour disputes. Any failure to introduce a labour amnesty will bring the workers out into the streets with even more militancy than before. With increasing unemployment and inflation at 22 per cent the hot autumn predicted could bring feelings to the boil. On the legal level there are many doubts. For a genuine amnesty, many 'crimes' now punishable under the penal code would have to be struck off the list. So long as the old Francoist laws continue to regulate 'illegal association', propaganda, political parties, and strike pickets the amnesty will prove meaningless. So long as the labyrinthine complexities of Franco's institutions remain what right has a tribunal to judge whether a crime is politically motivated, motivated by political opinion or a 'blood crime'? What guarantees are there under the ambiguously worded modifications of the penal code that once a prisoner is released he will be not be readmitted to prison a few days later? What guarantees of freedom have political exiles got if they wish to return?

For many people one of the most serious aspects of this partial amnesty is the fear of right-wing reprisals against those amnestied. A day after the amnesty was announced another wave of bombs hit the country. More and more people are becoming convinced that the 28 bombs which were let off on 18 July were the work of an extreme right-wing group. The Government turns a blind eye to police shootings and right-wing actions, yet a *Franquista* tribunal is to judge each political prisoner's case. The words of one lawyer who defends political prisoners ring true: 'This amnesty gives the go-ahead to Franco – he lives on through the King.'

Madrid

Murray Sayle

Japan's Miracle Man Hits the Mat

In Tokyo jail, in Tokyo town, Kakuai Tanaka lies in shame. The boy wonder of the economic miracle is getting, the authorities have announced, 'normal Japanese prison conditions' – a grim, old-fashioned penology which features a bare cell with a shabby straw mat to sleep on, plain rice with watery *miso* soup three times a day, and long periods of compulsory meditation on dog-eared copies of the Buddhist classics advising the suppression of all wordly desire.

For a man whose more visible signs of wealth include a pair of prize goldfish worth £2,000 each, this is a cruel turn of fortune's wheel, with all the shame of a public trial ahead. But, already, Kakuai Tanaka has suffered the worst punishment that can befall a Japanese. Until yesterday, as a former prime minister, he was Tanaka-San, with the unisex, all-purpose Japanese honorific carefully sounded. To the 94 members of his parliamentary faction, and the innumerable henchmen of his legendary vote-getting machine, he was Tanaka-Sensei – 'Teacher', the title of respect given to top Japanese bosses in the often closely related fields of politics and organised crime.

Today, press, radio and TV call him what the guards at the Tokyo Municipal Detention House call him: plain Tanaka, the style reserved for common criminals. His immediate relatives, in the hard, unforgiving Japanese way, are now called the same. The huge family of *ware-ware Nihonjin* – we Japanese – is cosy and protective for those inside, bleak for Tanakas who, whatever happens, are out for keeps.

Tanaka's case bristles with ironies, none greater than the charge: that he took a £1.2m. Lockheed bribe. Back in Niigata, the dour fishing town on Japan's storm-beaten west coast where Tanaka has been the undisputed boss for a quarter-century, they still can't believe it. 'Impossible,' said Mayor Harusuke Kobayashi, a faithful Tanaka man in ten electoral campaigns, 'the *Sensei* is a man of real wealth. He would never sell himself for such a small sum of money.'

But, it seems, he did. 'Now, perhaps,' his aged mother chimed in hopefully, 'when he gets out of prison, Kakuai will come home to Niigata.'

Before shedding a maudlin tear on this exemplary tale of a fallen rocket who could not separate public and private business, we should perhaps spare a thought for his saddened and shaken country. Tanaka was not just another grafting Japanese politician. He was something quite new in Japanese politics, the first man sprung from the common people to have ruled Japan since the lowborn adventurer Hideyoshi carved out an empire with a sword in the time of Queen Elizabeth I, the first break in the line of sour-faced secretive bureaucrats who have governed Japan for a century, bringing the world so much misery (and, latterly, so many motor-bikes); the first TV-conscious, joke-cracking, good-looking Japanese premier ever, a man who was, for a while (and always excepting General Tojo after the fall of Singapore) the most popular prime minister Japan has ever had.

Tanaka was post-war Japan's brightest and best, a sort of Oriental self-made Jack Kennedy with a homey, Harold Wilson accent. And, it seems, he has been brought down for a sum which, by modern Japanese standards, and certainly by the scale of Tanaka's own operations, is (in the old, pre-Lockheed sense) peanuts. The man modern Japan wanted to be judged by is now just a very ordinary name ('Tanaka' means 'Middlefield' in Japanese) on the door of a cell in Tokyo jail.

The ironies are only beginning. Lockheed was, in fact, pretty small change for Tanaka, and he was dead unlucky to get caught up in it. By rights, he should be Prime Minister of Japan still, in which case a whitewash job would have been child's play – the Americans, who take a headmasterly interest in Japanese politics, were first to offer full cooperation in a copper-bottomed, Watergate-tight cover-up, but to no avail. Tanaka's inevitable journey to jail really began two years ago, when he was forced out of the premiership in the first, never-resolved 'Tanaka scandal'. The people responsible then had no connection with the nosey US Senator Church, and not much with the patriotic Japanese thug Yoshia Kodama. Tanaka got the push from the Right wing of his own party, and therein, for Japan, is the real danger signal.

Some background. Japanese politics have worked pretty much the same for a century, ever since travelling young samurai emis-

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saries were dazzled by, and quickly imitated, the system that brought Prussia victory over France in 1870. Senior bureaucrats, loyal subjects of the King Emperor, turned politician and were financed by big business, basically to buy votes. In return, they shaped the laws to suit business, while in the Diet (the name adopted from the Prussian Parliament) a tame Opposition made up of pink schoolmasters and such spouted a load of socialist rubbish to which no one paid any attention. The real business of government, then as now, went on in private, with strict quo for quid. In pre-war Japan, the Winssito Party got a yearly cheque from Mitsubishi, and the Seiyukai, the rival conservative party, got another cheque for near enough the same amount, from Mitsui.

Money From Politics

Tanaka made a vital change in the system, which brought him up from obscurity, to the big time of Japanese politics at unheard-of speed, and down again even faster. His innovation was to cut out the middle-man and, as a shrewd businessman himself, to make money directly out of politics and return the profits to politics, to buy his way up the ladder. Of course, he needed the right connections to get started, and these he made in Tokyo, during the war.

Tanaka, son of a bankrupt horse-dealer from Niigata, came to Tokyo in 1933 at the age of 15 and got a job as a pick-and-shovel labourer, studying at night the Japanese equivalent of quantity surveying. In 1938 he had the good luck to be called up for the war in China, was invalided out with pleurisy contracted in the nasty, brutish and short clash between Japan and the Soviet Union on the Manchurian border (hushed up by both sides) and was back in Tokyo, aged 20, in 1939. Three years later Tanaka was set up in a small building business, with some capital from his new father-in-law (he married the pretty daughter of the keeper of the boarding house where he had digs), a working knowledge of the intricacies of the Tokyo black market in scarce building materials, and a world war about to begin. Oh boy.

While Japan made war, Tanaka made money, and priceless contacts among the bureaucratic and business high-ups for whom he could always find cement and sheet iron to repair a bombed-out mansion, or even add a new room or two. When the war ended, Tanaka was the brightest of the young businessmen who went into Japanese politics – the Japanese Government of the time was not much more than a rubber stamp for General MacArthur's occupation 'directions' but, poor thing as it was, it was only the Japanese Government which could give you an import licence for scarce materials, a permit to develop choice building sites. Even in defeated, poverty-stricken Japan, Representative Tanaka's building firm continued to flourish, in a small, then rapidly increasing way as he got capital together.

In 1948, Tanaka was arrested for taking a £3,000 bribe to oppose the nationalisation of Japanese coal-mines. He was released on appeal, but not before meeting another young and hungry adventurer, Kenji Osano, who was inside for black-marketing petrol. Osano got a contract to buy used cars from all the US bases in Japan, went on to do the same in Korea and then Vietnam, and is today one of the richest men in the world, another Lockheed suspect, still a bosom chum of Tanaka's.

Tanaka's climb in the Liberal Democratic Party was swift. He once told a reporter, in an unguarded moment: 'The others have fancy connections, degrees from good universities. All I have is money. I need a lot.' Only a few of the deals of more than 20 years have surfaced: in a representative fiddle of 1956 a Tanaka firm bought up derelict land in a river-bed near Niigata for a song, then sold it back to the Government at a 2,600-per-cent profit, after Tanaka as director of the Planning Agency of the Liberal Democratic Party selected the same site for one of Japan's first nuclear reactors. This deal netted the Teacher a tax-free £600,000, which went straight into his political machine.

The big payoff came in 1972, when Tanaka, dynamic and go-ahead, Japan's first TV politician and a robust, handsome 54, ran for Prime Minister against Takeo Fukuda, a sour-pussed acid drop pushing 70 with impeccable credentials: honours graduate of the law faculty of Tokyo University, high rank in the old Imperial Finance Ministry, haughty samurai family tree. For the delighted Japanese public, youth gave a trouncing to crabbed age, when Tanaka won handsomely. In truth, Fukuda, a bureaucrat with good business connections, could still come up with only £2½m. to distribute among his party colleagues for their votes. Tanaka had £7½m. and he had made most of it himself. At the vital moment another bright young man, Yasuhiro Makasone (now a Lockheed suspect), switched his key block of votes for a rumoured £3m. from Tanaka which neither has ever denied.

The Grafter's Paradise

Prime Minister Tanaka arrived at the peak of the roaring Japanese boom. Everyone read his ghost-written book, *The Remodelling of the Japanese Archipelago*, which in fact contains some sound sense on the need to get people and industry out of the suffocating coastal plains and up into Japan's beautiful mountains, and took the tip. Land on the cindery slopes of Mount Fuji doubled in value, on a rumour that Tanaka was going to relocate Tokyo there. Home building plots, the height of every Japanese family's ambition, tripled in value as greedy companies got into the buying spree. Enough was known of the Teacher's methods for the word to go round that Tanaka himself was buying up Japan, a town at a time. His popularity slumped.

Even more important, his colleagues in the party started to get first jealous, then scared. As Prime Minister of the country with the world's third biggest GNP, the Teacher had entered briefly into a grafter's paradise. The Liberal Democratic Party spent £125m. on the mid-term Upper House elections of 1974, and Tanaka's faction raised more than half of it (it was about this time that Tanaka was having a series of meetings with Lockheed executives). He must have dazzled Richard Nixon when they met for confidential talks in Hawaii – Tricky Dick, it will be recalled, was glad to get $100,000 cash from *his* used-car dealer, Bebe Rebozo.

Tanaka's first fall was precipitated by two journalists who wrote a series called 'Kakuai Tanaka, His Money and His Men' in the Japanese literary social-crit magazine *Bungei Shunju*, issue of November 1974. The articles contain an interesting picture of a Japanese political boss at work, but I can't rate them the masterpiece of investigative reporting they are acclaimed as in Japan. Containing nothing that was not on the public record, or stories that the dogs were barking in the street, the articles touch only a few of Tanaka's more blatant fiddles and are the sort of thing my old Insight colleagues could knock off in a quiet week. But the effect in Japan was that of a political earthquake, especially after Tanaka was ill-advised enough to come to the Foreign Press Club in Tokyo to answer some unscripted questions on his finances.

Ousted At Last

Who was Brutus? The editor of *Bungei Shunju*, by coincidence a non-related Tanaka first-named Kengo, says he was inspired by Watergate. Tanaka's men say it was Fukuda, who leaked confidential tax investigations made on the Teacher which he acquired from his old colleagues at the Finance Ministry. Certainly the old bureaucratic guard at the Liberal Democratic Party were relieved to see Tanaka go – as things were going, the Teacher was set fair to turn Japan into the first country in the world in which the entire national income was spent on bribery and corruption.

But the first dagger was raised in quite a different quarter. Two months before the *Bungei Shunju* articles, when Japan's Woodward and Bernstein were supposedly wearing out shoe leather in the dusty corridors of the Japanese company registration office, substantially the same material against Tanaka was published in Chicago, in a magazine put out by followers of the Rev. Sun Uyung Moon, the hot gospeller and anti-communist fanatic from South Korea.

Now Tanaka is as anti-communist as the next millionaire, but there's nothing personal in it – he is just not of the generation who can never forgive the Chinese communists for the part they played in Japan's defeat in 1945, small as that may have been – it was, after all, to slay the communist dragon that Japan made war in China for more than a decade. All Tanaka could see (like people as different as Anthony Crosland and Charles de Gaulle) were those 800,000,000 prospective customers. Tanaka recognised Red China in September 1972, applauded by most Japanese, never forgiven by the irreconcilables in South Korea, Japan and in his own party. In November 1974 Tanaka was ousted, and Takeo Miki, Nemesis in a rumpled suit and owlish glasses, was firmly installed in his place when Lockheed broke.

In Tokyo Jail, in Tokyo town, Tanaka lies in shame: Lockheed's biggest victim to

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date, but probably not the last. Meanwhile, Clutter and Kotchian, Elliott and Wilder, old uncle Tom Barrow and all go scot-free, with guarantees of immunity in return for evidence against the men they bribed. Some Japanese are asking: is this what happens when you do business with the people who came here, uninvited, 32 years ago to teach Japan morality?

Tokyo

Ben Pimlott*

The Left Book Club After 40 Years

A fortieth anniversary is, perhaps, the maturation point for a legend – with four decades of ripening and selecting memory to blur and refine. There was certainly something mellow about the celebrations last month of the opening shots of the Spanish Civil War, and of the associated cult of writers who played at soldiers, sometimes fatally, at the fringes of that savage and disastrous curtain-raiser for 1939. What the myth obscures is a more mundane reality. Most middle-class young people of progressive views were not brave or rich enough to enlist in the International Brigade: they stayed at home and joined the Left Book Club.

The Left Book Club, which Mrs Wheeler in *Coming Up For Air* thought 'had something to do with books which had been left in railway carriages and were being sold off cheap', in fact owed its existence to a publisher of genius, an idea, a market and an illusion. The publisher was Victor Gollancz, Jewish patriarch, Christian socialist, pedagogic pacifist – and his idea was simple. For half-a-crown members of the club were to receive a 'Left Book of the Month' chosen by Gollancz, John Strachey and Harold Laski; costs were kept low, and a steady circulation guaranteed, with minimum risk to the publisher. The market quickly revealed itself – a seemingly unquenchable thirst for literature about left-wing politics which far exceeded Gollancz's most optimistic guesses. The illusion was that a mountain of paper and an army of subscribers would change the world.

Gollancz launched the club in the summer of 1936 and soon showed his extraordinary organisational skills. Building on the fascination Spain held for the young, literate and liberal-minded everywhere, he rapidly constructed a national movement with a broadly white-collar base which, in terms of sheer size, far outstripped the established bodies of the far Left: Maxton's Independent Labour Party, Cripps's Socialist League, the Communist Party, with 15,000 members at most between them. Gollancz had hoped to recruit 10,000 members within the first year. Instead he found himself with 45,000, rising to 58,000 by March 1938. By the end of 1937 there were 730 local discussion groups, with new groups springing up all over the world, and the club was claiming an average attendance at all its local functions of 12,000 a fortnight.

One reason for this amazing growth was the club's emphasis on social life, which Gollancz rightly felt that the Labour Party managed badly, and which he wisely saw as a key. Sporting activities, in particular, were catered for: as *Tribune* put it solemnly, 'walks, tennis, golf and swimming, are quite different when your companions are "comrades of the Left" '. Within nine months of the launching of the Left Book Club Theatre Guild, in April 1937, 200 theatre groups had been established and 45 had already performed plays. The writers' and poets' group contained many of the best talents of the day – Lehmann, Day Lewis, Spender among them. The poetry group had 17 branches and a youth section. Other 'vocational' groups ranged from actors to accountants, journalists to taxi-drivers, scientists to sixth-formers.

The club was, indeed, a sensation – a publishing venture intended as a crusade which had turned into a mass movement. Yet its political effects were marginal. The aim of the club was 'to help in the terribly urgent struggle for world peace and against fascism, by giving, to all who are willing to take part in that struggle, such knowledge as will immensely increase their efficiency'. What this meant was the pursuit at local and national level of the Popular Front – the communist plan for an anti-Chamberlain alliance which would extend from Pollitt to Churchill.

There were some successes. The most notable was at Bridgwater in November 1938, a few weeks after Munich, where Vernon Bartlett, standing on an 'Independent Progressive' ticket, overturned a large Tory majority: local LBC activity had played a major part in persuading the constituency Labour Party not to run their own candidate against him. But this achievement was isolated, and the Popular Front idea led nowhere. This was not solely or directly the club's fault. However, there is little doubt (as Robert Graves and Alan Hodge observed in 1940) that the existence of the Left Book Club embittered the controversy over tactics between Labour and the extreme Left, and it probably hindered rather than helped attempts at parliamentary level to get a measure of cooperation between Labour and adventurous Tory rebels.

Part of the problem was the dog-in-the-manger attitude of Transport House – resentful of the club's popularity and stuffy about its unofficial campaigning; the NEC response to Bridgwater was not to congratulate the local Labour Party for helping to undermine the Government, but to deliver a stern ticking off about consorting with non-Labour elements. A more fundamental difficulty was the club's link with the CP – extremely close at least until the end of 1938. In 1937 Gollancz accepted in private (as Hugh Thomas reveals in his biography of Strachey) that ideally 'there should be one or two good Party members in all those [club] groups in which there was none at present'. Half the books in the first year were by communists; and the club's faithfulness to the Soviet line as late as July 1938 is aptly summed up by a spine-chilling article in the LBC journal *Left News* about the Moscow Trials, by John Strachey:

> I believe that no one who had not unalterably fixed his mind on the contrary opinion could read the verbatim account of the trials without being wholly convinced of the authenticity of the confessions . . . I can only say that no man can advance his political education more than by studying this supreme historical document of our time.

Gollancz hoped that the club's stupendous growth would force Labour leaders to take notice and change tack. Instead his infatuation with communism fed Transport House suspicions, and encouraged the Labour leadership to treat the club, in the words of the NEW STATESMAN & NATION, 'as though it were a dangerous type of vermin' even after the King Street connection had been effectively broken.

Later, Strachey claimed that while it failed in its aims 'what the Left Book Club actually did do was to play a considerable part in making possible the Labour victory in 1945, through the influence of its publications'. But even this is pretty doubtful. Though it survived into the late 1940s, the club's mass organisation began to disintegrate after the Nazi-Soviet pact, and with the outbreak of war. Long before 1945, the orange-covered LBC editions had been shifted, intellectually as well as physically, to the attic – symbols of another era. Strachey, the most prolific and widely read of the club's authors and pamphleteers, changed from Marxist seer to Keynesian crusader and Labour minister. Yet in his earlier guise he had written, and rigorously selected, books which argued not that the system might be adapted and reformed under Labour, but that significant reform was impossible. It was the social revolution of the war, not the paper revolution of the club, which created the conditions for a Labour electoral success.

One factor contributing to the failure of the club was that, for all its pretensions, it was not really interested in ideas. It was a propaganda body, autocratic in structure, patriarchal in conception, totally rejecting attempts to achieve a measure of rank-and-file control. Among the myriad titles published by the club are a few outstanding works – by Malraux, Orwell, Koestler, Tawney and others. Yet, given the wealth of available talent, the surprising thing is that there were not more. Discovering what amounted to a great, untapped demand for an open university of the Left, the club supplied a series of repetitive tracts. In its heyday, the Left Book Club seemed to be everything the Labour Party was not – organised, active, committed. But to what? Perhaps only to an ill-fated conviction that to state a principle loudly and often was something quite close to its achievement.

**Ben Pimlott's book*, Labour and the Left in the 1930s, *will be published by Cambridge University Press next year.*

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Peter Townsend*

Area Deprivation Policies

Twenty years ago, in my mid-twenties, I spent three and a half very impressionable years in Bethnal Green and Stepney. The war and post-war era of building controls, utility clothing and rationing, with its emphasis on fair shares and austerity, was still fresh in people's minds. There was relatively full employment, and many of those in positions of authority as well as among the public at large believed that a succession of welfare measures – family allowances, national insurance, national assistance, the National Health Service – had abolished or virtually abolished poverty. As in the United States the phenomenon scarcely surfaced as a subject for debate or research. In the United States there was a dramatic transformation of public interest, research and policy from about 1962, with the publication of Michael Harrington's *The Other America*. The 'War on Poverty' came to dominate American domestic policy for more than a decade.

In Britain public interest was aroused more gradually and far less was claimed by the Government for policies which were adopted. There were a succession of studies in the late Fifties and early Sixties of minority groups: the aged, the sick and disabled and one-parent families, usually in particular communities all of which demonstrated the perpetuation or reappearance of substantial deprivation. National evidence of a conclusive kind about the existence on a substantial scale of poverty, assembled both by independent research workers and government departments, was published in the mid- and late-Sixties.

In the mid-1950s I interviewed most of a sample of 203 old people living in Bethnal Green and then all 145 households living in St Katharine's Buildings, where Beatrice Webb had collected rents in 1886, a tenement block by the Royal Mint, in Stepney, which was demolished only recently. After I moved to the London School of Economics in 1957 I continued to have some associations with the area – through lecturing in social medicine at the London Hospital, and doing some research at an ex-workhouse, the former Whitechapel Union Workhouse in Southern Grove. I also had a modest continuing connection with Mary Ward House and with the indefatigable and devoted work of the Psychiatric Rehabilitation Association. I became keenly aware of the existence of poverty. But I also became aware of the importance of the concept of area deprivation in British life and thought – in accustoming us to poverty in our midst, providing us with a theory of poverty and helping to shape the measures and institutions which we have adopted to deal with poverty.

The perception that the ills of society are relatively more prevalent in some areas than others has innocent and fairly obvious origins. Housing is bad; the situation and environment are undesirable. But then material and environmental deficiences become heavily associated in the public mind with other socially perceived problems. For social reasons both the degree of concentration of certain acknowledged problems and the extent to which they can be explained by internal processes of self-generation rather than by externally imposed processes may be grossly exaggerated.

The exaggeration arises from notions of association and contamination, congregation, inheritance and environmental influence. Destitute, poor, mentally ill and criminal people are believed to seek refuge in certain areas because they feel easy in each other's company and more secure. People are believed to be contaminated by the anti-social values and practices as well as diseases of those who live around them. In the words of Laing, writing in 1844: 'In these horrid dens the most abandoned characters of the city are collected, and from thence they nightly issue to pour upon the town every species of crime and abomination.' This fear could be documented abundantly for the whole of the Victorian era but it has persisted to the present day. Children are believed to have no chance of escaping the limitations of the families, environment and culture into which they are born and live. For such reasons poverty, criminality and disadvantage are believed to be heavily concentrated and deeply rooted in particular communities. Illegitimately and yet understandably a further belief has become associated: a belief in the self-generation of the problem, whether by individuals, families or whole communities living in these areas who do not share the moral values of society, and who reinforce each other's resistance to those values and reproduce it in the next generation. Once these beliefs obtain a hold within a population, state intervention is urged to break up so-called 'sub-cultures of poverty' or break into the so-called 'cycle of deprivation'. In a community, as well as an individual, sense of the word we are, in Ryan's apt phrase, 'blaming the victim'.

The example of the United States is instructive. In the early 1960s the Ford Foundation sought to reverse the increasing physical and human problems of the major cities by stimulating new local institutions and activities with major grants. This was its 'grey areas' programme. The Kennedy Administration adopted some of the ideas and built up what became the community action component of President Johnson's declaration of a War on Poverty. The Ford Foundation, the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency and the National Institute of Mental Health were all partners in this new community action approach to the problems of the inner cities. Rather than treat the effect of poverty those in charge of the Juvenile Delinquency Programme laid emphasis on access to opportunity. A large number of community action demonstration projects were started. By 1968 there were 1,012 community action agencies, originally regarded by Daniel Moynihan as 'a new kind of American government', which involved neighbourhood centres where local residents would unite in efforts to combat poverty.

Help was given in finding jobs, obtaining welfare and better housing, consumer education and health and legal aid services. By 1968 there were 267 projects under the Legal Services Programme, 850 neighbourhood law offices, and 1,600 full-time lawyers representing the needs of the poor throughout the country. Restrictive administration of welfare was successfully challenged. For example, one legal action led to the invalidation of the California requirement for residence, allowing 60,000 more people to become eligible for welfare benefits. This gave tremendous impetus to the welfare rights movement, the War on Poverty and changes in beliefs among elites and field workers alike about social welfare.

What explanations of poverty were offered in the US? There were three principal theories: orthodox economic theory with emphasis on deficiencies of individual ability or skill; the traditional casework – settlement house approach with emphasis on individual shortcomings or misfortune; and the sub-culture of poverty theory. The methods adopted in the War on Poverty reflected these theories. There were demonstration job opportunity projects in which a high proportion of blacks, say, were trained in new skills and actually obtained work. But this was at the expense of other blacks, who became unemployed. The structure of inequality remained the same. So this theory cannot be said to have been substantiated. There were experiments in which some families were given intensive service by case-workers. But little or no evidence of the effectiveness of this kind of service has so far emerged. In Britain considerable interest is now being shown in research on the effectiveness of social work. For the United States a substantial literature already exists. Critical views have been put forward for several years. Indeed, there has been a marked reaction against what has been called 'welfare colonialism'. To a large number of poor people an individualistic explanation for poverty seemed to be more like an ideology of social control. There were also community action agencies which were puny competitors of the exist-

This article is a shortened version of Professor Townsend's 1976 Barnett Shine Foundation Lecture, which is to be published by QMC, London, shortly.

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ing political and administrative system, and which were soon swallowed up, isolated and humiliated, or simply allowed to dissolve into weak branches of the welfare rights movement. Tammany Hall felt threatened and Tammany Hall prevailed. But along with casework to change values and a new opportunity structure to provide avenues of escape the intention of community action and associated agencies was to break up sub-cultures.

Throughout the period of the American War on Poverty Oscar Lewis's concept of the sub-culture of poverty exerted great influence. He argued that poverty was not only a state of economic deprivation or of social disorganisation. It was 'a way of life, remarkably stable and persistent, passed down from generation to generation along family lines'. Lewis was an acute observer. His accounts of the family life of certain individuals carried conviction. But as many others have since argued, his hypotheses were insufficiently precise to be testable, or, insofar as some were testable they did not attract much empirical support. His work shows the critical link between methodology and theory. His methodology could be said to be self-fulfilling. He studied in depth a few individuals and families in local communities. It's not surprising his books give the impression of the determinants of behaviour residing in individuals, families and communities. The connection between people and external economic and political systems and the law was left very unclear. The possibility that there were external determinants of behaviour was left unexplored.

The thesis of a sub-culture of poverty was, sadly, a vehicle for many social prejudices, especially middle-class prejudices, and yet it was a veritable engine of policy. This might be shown by a single example. When Sargent Shriver introduced in 1964 what was to emerge as the famous Economic Opportunity Act he said that being poor was 'handed down from generation to generation in a cycle of inadequate education, inadequate homes and stunted ambitions'.

The American example helps us to trace the recent history of government policy in Britain. In some respects the area deprivation policies of the last nine years can be said to have had their origins deep in history – in the active slumming and evangelical work of the Charity Organisation Society, Octavia Hill's housing visitors in the East End, and especially of the philanthropic settlements of the universities and schools. In the maps included in his monumental survey of poverty in the 1880s Charles Booth coloured certain streets black. These were the 'lowest class, vicious, semi-criminal'. Those coloured dark blue were streets housing people who were 'very poor, casual, chronic want'. Lighter blue were poor families with 18s per week. There is an element of continuity in the visits in the 1880s which Beatrice Webb paid to Stepney, the residence of Clem Attlee in Toynbee Hall after the first world war, and some of the contemporary work of voluntary organisations in the area. Stress was laid on work with individuals, work with families and work with local communities in areas known to be relatively deprived. Yet separation or isolation from the hidden controls of resource allocation may have induced, and may be inducing, mistaken theories.

First, following the publication of the Plowden Report in 1966, Educational Priority Areas were designated as deserving additional resources. 'Positive discrimination' became a fashionable concept. Schools in designated areas were supposed to receive larger capital sums, equipment grants and teaching staffs, and higher salaries were to be paid. Next followed the Urban Programme. In 1968 the Government announced action to help 'areas of severe social deprivation in a number of our cities and towns' to 'meet their social needs and to bring their physical services to an adequate level'. Urban aid projects included nursery education, day nurseries and child care, community centres, family planning and other advice centres, play schemes, care of the aged, various miscellaneous schemes for the homeless, the mentally handicapped and alcoholics, and help for voluntary organisations such as the Salvation Army and the Samaritans.

Lack of Funds

During the late 1960s and early 1970s local authorities with relatively large numbers of immigrants began to receive grant aid. Finally, the Community Development Project, first announced in July 1969, was 'a neighbourhood-based experiment at finding new ways of meeting the needs of people living in areas of high social deprivation'. It was assumed that problems of urban deprivation had their origins in the characteristics of local populations – in individual pathologies – and these could best be resolved by better coordination of the social services, and encouragement of citizen involvement and community self-help. Twelve local project teams were set up between January 1970 and October 1972 in Coventry, Liverpool, Southwark, Glyncorrwg (Glamorgan), Canning Town (Newham), Batley (in the West Riding), Paisley, Newcastle, Cleaton Moor (Cumberland), Birmingham, Tynemouth and Oldham to identify needs, promote coordination and foster community involvement.

These programmes have not been backed as energetically as the corresponding programmes in the United States and they have attracted even smaller funding. Government expenditure upon them represents a tiny percentage of total expenditure on the social services. In annual terms, even counting certain capital expenditure, the allocation to schools in Educational Priority Areas was less than half of 1 per cent of total educational expenditure in the 1970s. The urban programme has been running at around a quarter of 1 per cent of the Rate Support Grant. The programmes have been only marginal and may have been diversionary. Resources have also been spread very thinly, especially by the urban programme, over a larger number of local authorities than had been generally anticipated. And if these programmes had not existed some projects might have been financed in the ordinary way through the rates and rate support grants. Indeed, in some respects long-established policies might be said to have been put forward under a new name. Thus, the Rate Support Grant is paid according to a formula which seeks in part to discriminate in favour of needy areas. Another political factor about demonstration of experimental projects is that they can reap a high return in publicity for a minister or a council from a minimal commitment to expenditure.

Commentators like A. H. Halsey believe the programmes could emancipate civil servants and develop an intellectual exchange with social scientists from which both might profit and lead to a different climate of opinion in which changes become more readily accepted. I doubt whether the problems of introducing experiments in tiny parts of a society living according to a particular creed have been fully appreciated. Can a genuinely independent experiment be conducted in areas which cannot, structurally, be regarded as independent of the laws, economy and value system of society? Much depends on whether one can regard an area or a community as autonomous or self-sufficient, or as part of an economic, social and political 'mesh' or network.

From the start British area deprivation concepts have been ambiguous. One chapter in the Plowden Report puts forward the idea of educational priority areas but in the course of 18 pages it slips about between three different concepts: deprived schools, deprived areas and deprived pupils. If we were to attempt to identify in each case the most deprived 10 per cent it is highly unlikely that as many as 2 per cent of school children would be selected on any two of these three criteria. The policies represented by the three alternatives would be radically different.

There is a similar ambiguity in defining

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and weighing objectives. Is the aim to improve reading and arithmetic standards, get children to stay on longer at school, reduce the number of offences committed in the teens, enable pupils to achieve higher career earnings, or reduce educational and social alienation? The operational problem of reflecting objectives in the criteria by which schools or areas or pupils are selected is as Alan Little and his Inner London Education Authority colleagues have shown, acute. What is perhaps most important of all is the shift of attention from inequalities in the provision of educational facilities in schools to the nature of deprivation in the surrounding areas. In the first volume of the Plowden Report there are aggregate figures of the numbers of schools lacking certain basic facilities. Thus, among 21,000 primary schools in 1962 13,810 had sanitation mainly outdoors, 8,340 had a substandard site, 5,014 no central heating system, 4,701 no warm water supply, 2,144 had to make do with dining arrangements in classrooms and so on. Astonishingly, no attempt is made to rank schools according to the number of facilities which they lack and thereby pick out the schools where remedial allocation of resources might be concentrated. Little attention is given to books, exercise books, paint, drawing paper and instruments, educational toys, scientific equipment. As Basil Bernstein remarked in a well-known paper: 'It is difficult to understand how we can talk about offering compensatory education to children who, in the first place, have as yet not been offered an adequate educational environment.' Attention is distracted from the deficiencies in the school itself to deficiencies within the community, family and child.

Measuring the Problem

A basis for the measurement of deprivation either in areas or schools, as a first stage in discriminating who should be helped, was not, therefore, laid in any of the programmes. What was required was a measure of the scale of deprivation nationally and also in a wide range of areas. Two types of study allow us to begin putting matters into proportion – regional or national surveys and studies of census enumeration districts.

For example, the Inner London Education Authority identified one sixth of its schools as being schools with special difficulties or educational priority schools. However, a study by J. H. Barnes and H. Lucas concluded that for every two disadvantaged children who are in EPA schools five are outside them. And in the EPA schools themselves, disadvantaged children are outnumbered by children who are not disadvantaged.

Another example is provided by studies of the extent and location of areas of urban deprivation in Britain based on the census. In 1971 there were 120,000 enumeration districts in Britain. In one study 18 indicators of housing facilities, overcrowding, employment and car ownership were selected from census data for 88,000 of these enumeration districts, each averaging 163 households or 470 persons, though there could be as few as 50 persons. The data were weighted with respect to housing and material possessions and for that reason might be expected to produce a high degree of concentration or overlap. On single indicators the districts at one extreme were found to have a high rate of deprivation. Thus, 1 per cent of districts had a male unemployment rate of 24 per cent. On the other hand 5 per cent of the districts (or over 4,000) accounted for only 16 per cent of the total unemployed and 15 per cent of districts for only 36 per cent.

National Survey Findings

A national survey of poverty carried out jointly from the University of Essex and the London School of Economics carries these empirical reservations one stage further. The results will be published next year. On the basis of data about incomes and assets collected from 51 constituencies, and four follow-up surveys in the poorest districts of Belfast, Salford, Neath and Glasgow, it was possible to begin to estimate the dispersion of people living below or on the margins of the incomes represented by the scale rates payable by the Supplementary Benefits Commission. At one extreme there were constituencies with proportionately twice as many poor people as average and others with about half or a little less than half the average. The ten constituencies with the largest proportions of poor accounted for 20 per cent of the population surveyed, and 32 per cent of the poor. At the other extreme the ten constituencies with the smallest percentages of poor accounted for 19 per cent of the population surveyed and 10 per cent of the poor. If we reflect on the spatial dispersion of retirement pensioners, one-parent families, the chronic sick and disabled and the low-paid, these findings are not perhaps surprising. In the special areas of Belfast, Glasgow and Salford (much smaller than constituencies but not as small as enumeration districts), while the number of poor people was twice or a little more than twice the national proportion there were also substantial minorities with incomes of more than twice the state's poverty standard.

From such studies we can at least conclude that an area strategy cannot be the cardinal means of dealing with poverty or under-privilege. However economically or socially deprived areas are defined, unless nearly half the areas in the country are included, there will be more poor persons or poor children living outside them than in them. There is a second conclusion. Within all or nearly all defined priority areas there will be more persons who are not deprived than there are deprived. Therefore positive discrimination based on ecology will miss out more of the poor or deprived than it will include. It will also devote resources within the areas predominantly to people (or children) who are not poor or deprived. That is bound to be the case, even if enough areas are designated (which they have not been by existing programmes), and even if the right areas are designated (which they have not been).

Institutional Theory Needed

An institutional theory of poverty is therefore required, drawing on labour market theory, industrial location and land use theory, and housing market theory, as they relate both to the national and local occupational class structure, and social security theory as that relates to minority status but also class position. The theory would be expressed in terms of two processes: the process by which different types of resources are unequally allocated or *withheld*; and the process by which styles of living are generated, emulated and institutionalised.

We are obliged to come back to the *national* system of resource allocation to explain the major part of local dispersion of income and extent of deprivation – to *nationally* determined salary and wage structures, *national* taxation, *national* social security, the conditions of the *national* housing market, the *nationwide* system of industry, commerce and transport. These provide the bricks and mortar of the class structure to be found in all communities. (My only qualification would be that these national systems must be looked at, in turn, in a wider international context.) To look only at minute enumeration districts is to evade the interconnections between the relatively (and not uniformly) rich in the suburbs and the relatively (and not uniformly) poor in the inner areas. These interconnections have been spelt out by urban sociologists, especially by Reg Pahl and John Rex. It is the national structure of unequal resource allocation, on the one hand, and the sponsorship of styles of living, on the other, mediated by social classes, which primarily explains area deprivation. Both theories and empirical measures are required to bring this out sharply. It also implies *national* action to remedy poverty – by incomes policy, full employment, less specialisation of work roles, higher social security benefits, new forms of allowances, a more redistributive tax structure and broader industrial ownership.

Inequality Reinforced

Deprived areas are in fact functional to the operation of a market economy, and the protection of business interests, even declining business interests. The area deprivation policies of recent years relate in some respects to policies of longer-standing, which while having declared aims of *restoring* spatial equity, and perhaps in part actually *serving* such aims, in major part actually reinforce inequality and dependence. This can arise by the labelling of areas, and, through their loss of status, scare off potential development. It is a risk which we must endeavour to trace and document, knowing all the difficulties.

We can understand this by examining, for instance, central grants to local authorities. For the financial year 1976-7 the Government's rate support grant to the local authorities has been estimated at about £6,000m. More than three-fifths of this sum is represented by the 'needs' element of the grant, but it would be wrong to suppose that resources are allocated substantially in accordance with any reasonable definition of needs. In practice many of the indicators of need are crudely defined and are weighted by a piece of technical wizardry which obscures the bureaucratic conservatism of the exercise. Past expenditure is treated as an indicator of need and is even treated as the most powerful indicator in the formula.

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Here then is an example of a major instrument of social policy failing to become an instrument of radical change. The landed and market interests which have shaped and which seek to perpetuate and even accentuate inequalities between communities, by their control over the rating system and the local distribution of public resources, are not seriously threatened.

We can also understand better the ineffectiveness of area deprivation policies by examining regional development and industrial location policies. By 1970 the Government was spending £314m. a year on preferential aid to industry in the Special Development, Development and Intermediate Areas. The trouble is that the criteria for aid have been widened and resources have been spread thinly. No less than 44 per cent of the national work force live in the assisted areas. Some commentators have argued that policies have had a negative rather than a small positive effect because they have helped to accelerate the decline of the inner city.

Declining industries become low-paying industries and unless new industries take their place workers who become redundant stay unemployed or migrate, leaving disproportionate numbers of the elderly, the middle-aged and the poor behind. The outflow can sometimes even lead to labour shortages – at least for the low paid. The value of houses falls, properties are not kept in repair and some houses as well as factories become derelict. A combination of low-paid work and the availability of some types of housing allows immigrant communities – including those from Eire as well as the black Commonwealth – to become established in certain areas. The depressed standard of old council estates and of so-called 'short life' housing give further examples of local populations being stratified sharply according to status, income and amenities. The decline of an area in relation to others within a region will tend to produce some extreme effects – of overcrowding, streets taken over by squatters or sheer unrelieved squalor – which lowers the reputation to outsiders of the area as a whole. Lacking a sufficient basis for raising rates to meet the greater needs of such communities for services and cash benefits, local authorities cannot develop policies to direct resources to the poor. Nor have sufficient powers been taken centrally to ameliorate or limit the downward spiral of poverty into which some communities are drawn.

Just as some areas are declining, others are experiencing boom. The decline or the deprivation of some areas is not explicable except in relation to the advance of the affluence of others – whether regionally or nationally. The conditions within each type of area have to be related to some standard or, alternatively, to other parts of the economy or the social structure as distributed spatially. Advancing prosperity is converted into new and more generous forms of consumption and display. The activities and possessions of a select few become, in time, the expected rights of the bulk of society. The attainable life-style of the majority is continually changing and hence new obligations are imposed upon the poor and new needs are generated and acknowledged. Action to control and disperse the growing wealth of areas already wealthy is therefore a necessary part of a strategy to reduce poverty, and even more necessary than action to augment the low resources of the poor. Policies have to be devised which simultaneously check the aggrandisement of the rich areas and the impoverishment of the poor areas. These are primarily industrial, employment, housing and land policies.

I have argued that the theories underlying area deprivation policies and concepts are ambiguous and inadequate and that in fondly supposing we are bringing some small measure of relief to such areas we may be conniving at their structural isolation and dependence. Some of those working on the projects, both in the civil service and outside, have begun to discern the realities.

The teams in the CDP projects have been particularly outspoken. They believe they have 'developed an approach to the problems of poverty and urban decline fundamentally different from those of the other Whitehall inspired anti-poverty programmes'. They reject accounts of their areas based on social pathology and instead see poverty as a consequence of inequalities in the political and economic system.

In January 1976 the Home Office told the CDP's central information and intelligence unit that its grant would cease on 30 April. A stay of execution was later allowed until the autumn. Six of the 12 projects have already terminated. Many of the CDP workers have been critical of government policy and have objected to working within a framework of improved service co-ordination and individual social pathology. They have begun to describe an alternative framework but it remains to be seen whether the Government or any of the trusts will provide any substantial body of research workers with the finance to complete the job.

The problem of preventing poverty is, as Tawney wrote in 1913, 'the condition of the normal man in normal circumstances, neither better nor worse off than his neighbours, nor of those whose failings qualify them to be the text for the moralist, and who are no more common in the manual working classes than in other sections of the society. It is in short the question of the economic status and opportunities of those who make up seven-eighths of the community, not of any submerged residuum. . . . The problem of poverty with which the student is concerned is primarily an industrial one. It is to be studied first at its sources, and only secondly in its manifestations, in the mill, in the mine or at the docks, not in casual wards or on the embankment'.

Ann Holmes

Accountable to Whom?

On 7 July this year, the Kensington constituency Labour Party selected me as their prospective parliamentary candidate – in a marginally Tory seat, hardly a spectacular event in itself. On 24 July, however, the *Sun*, in a leading article, felt moved to warn the voters of Kensington that if they elected me as their MP at the next general election 'they will have sent a puppet to Parliament'. What has placed that selection meeting on the historical record is that for the first time a candidate accepted a voluntary undertaking, drawn up by the party's General Management Committee, concerning her future behaviour as a Member of Parliament.

The undertaking has three major concerns:

> (1) A commitment by both the General Management Committee (the executive body of the local party) and myself to annual conference decisions – I am pledged to 'actively work for the full implementation by the Government of the day of the Labour Party programme and policies as determined by the Labour Party annual conference'.
>
> (2) To place the GMC in the position of a watchdog committee ensuring that election pledges are adhered to, and that regular contact and democratic discussion on these matters is maintained between us.
>
> (3) To give the watchdog some teeth – in the form of its right to dismiss me at the next election, should my conduct prove unsatisfactory.

The acceptance of such an undertaking is a significant event in the Labour Party, especially if it heralds similar undertakings in other constituencies. Its importance lies in bringing about a shift in the bases of accountability. It is necessary, however, to spell out the precise nature of that shift. To do this involves not only an examination of the undertaking, but also of the current structure of accountability. Not surprisingly, there is a common assumption that the present structure is logical, consistent and free of contradictions. I contend that this is not so.

At present Labour MPs are accountable to two main sources – their electorates and the Parliamentary Labour Party. As recent events have illustrated so dramatically, a choice has often to be made between the two. On the one hand, elections are fought on the basis of manifestos drawn from the party programme: a commitment is made to the electorate to honour the pledges made, and, in theory, the same programme provides the guidelines for the PLP's formulation of policy. On the other hand, the PLP are not only asked to support government policies which stand in blatant contradiction to that programme, but also have their support enforced by the system of three-line whips. As a result, many MPs are currently faced with the dilemma of having to break faith with either their election pledges or with the PLP.

It is clear that this situation only arises where a Labour Government is out of line with the party's programme. At the same time, all Members of Parliament who serve

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in a Labour Government – Prime Ministers included – are themselves pledged to implement that programme. At the moment, of course, accountability to those pledges is nominal. Promises made to the electorate can be broken with no real powers of redress against the Members concerned.

In our political system *selection* of candidates lies with the political parties – in the case of a local labour Party with its GMC – a body made up of delegates from all branches, and affiliated trade unions. If mutual accountability to the party programme is to be meaningful, GMCs must have a corresponding right of dismissal. It is pertinent to point out that in our own system of local government elections this procedure is taken a stage further. Come the next election, every Labour leader of every district and county council throughout the country will automatically revert to being a candidate for selection. Those who assume inevitable power-lusting and rebelliousness on the part of local party members appear to ignore the experience of this system.

If the essential features of the Kensington undertaking were to be incorporated into the relevant Labour Party rules, the present structure of accountability would be freed from its inevitable contradictions. Local Labour parties and MPs alike would be pledged to the implementation of the programmes on which elections were fought and won. GMCs, as the best placed bodies to do so, would be able to ensure that those pledges were honoured, and to remove their Member from office if they were not. This would mean two things – both of extreme importance. First, the MP would, quite obviously, become more, and not less, accountable to his or her electorate. Second, the PLP's corporate responsibility for the implementation of the party's programme would be transferred from the realms of theory to those of practice.

It is wrong to imply that Labour Members of Parliament, at present, behave in an independent manner. They are neither elected on that basis, nor allowed by the system of party Whips to act in such a way. The theory – a correct one in my view – is that Labour MPs are elected to implement Labour Party election pledges. My undertaking is a tiny step forward towards making that theory a reality.

Allan Ashbolt

Charles Is Not the Answer

In urging that Sir John Kerr should be removed as Governor-General before the Queen's visit to Australia early next year, *The Times* has clearly seen the nature of the political problem created by his occupancy of the office. But in proposing Prince Charles to replace him, it has offered an extravagant, ludicrous and, even by pro-monarchical measures, wrong-headed solution: far from 'restoring impartiality to Government House' (which is the consumation so devoutly and impractically wished by that august journal), the Prince would be regarded by the bulk of the Australian Labour movement as a representative of the ruling class, less 'heir to the Queen of Australia' than a symbol of outmoded imperial dominance, less 'an integral part of the Australian Constitution' than a creaking social anachronism. This is not to make any judgment on the Prince's character or abilities, it is simply to acknowledge historical reality.

For the Labour movement here has never concealed its republican ethos and intentions, though it has pragmatically avoided incorporating republicanism in the platform of the party. Professor Manning Clark, in his standard work, *A Short History of Australia*, notes that to those trade unionists officially invited to take part in the celebrations inaugurating the Commonwealth of Australia on 1 January 1901, the new Governor-General, Lord Hopetoun, 'looked puny and wan, as if in his own person he figured the wan and puny basis of the idea of monarchy'. Not until 1930, however, was a Labour government ready and able to break the tradition of monarchical control over appointments, when the Prime Minister, James Scullin, personally persuaded George V to accept the Australian-born Sir Isaac Isaacs in the vice-regal role. And, according to all accounts, a strong effort of persuasion was needed, if only because Scullin was a Roman Catholic and Isaacs a Jew.

Significantly, one of the first actions of the Whitlam Government in 1973 was to introduce legislation omitting all mention of the monarchy from the oath of allegiance in citizenship ceremonies. But this amendment was eventually thwarted by the conservative majority in the Senate, so that the incongruous spectacle still persists of Italians, Turks, Lithuanians, Austrians, Spaniards, Greeks, Yugoslavs, Lebanese, Germans, Egyptians and various other non-British peoples swearing homage and fealty to Queen Elizabeth II, her Heirs and Successors. Vast numbers of migrants find it offensive and hypocritical to pledge this attachment to an alien crown – which is why the Whitlam Administration tried to change the form and style of the oath. With probably at least one-third of school-age children in Australia culturally and ethnically connected to countries outside Britain, what seems fairly certain is that, if they and their parents considered the British monarchy at all, they would think it an excrescence on the body politic.

In fact, indifference to the monarchy has been characteristic of Australian opinion during the past decade, coinciding with the gradual realisation that Britain is no longer the hub of the world. There is still some affection for the Queen, stemming largely from the memories, attachments and cultural conditioning of the generation that grew up in the 1920s and 1930s, but it hardly extends to the rest of the royal family. Nor could it ever provide the foundation for any revived belief in the mystical authority of the throne: to imagine, like *The Times*, that Prince Charles is somehow invested with qualities that put him 'pre-eminently above the party battle' is to retreat into the most decadent kind of royalist claptrap.

Nobody is above the party battle: this is precisely Australia's constitutional dilemma. Sir John Kerr took the governor-generalship firmly and irretrievably into politics, demonstrating once and for all that it is no mere ceremonial function. The moment of truth came on 11 November 1975, when Whitlam accepted the piece of paper dismissing his government, so the tantalising question is 'what would have happened if Whitlam had torn it up and walked out, rejecting the legitimacy of the order?'. Would Kerr have called out the army? Would the unions have brought on a general strike? These speculations are not altogether futile, since they illuminate the nature of the Governor-General's office and its now proven powers. If that office were given to the Queen's heir, the monarchy would be at the centre of the constitutional controversy – where, no doubt, the Palace has never wanted it to be.

In any case, why should Prince Charles, who seems an alert and amiable fellow, feel constrained even in the name of duty to join that motley procession of ageing aristocrats, pensioned-off generals, failed civil servants, dotty dukes and engaging scoundrels who for nearly 200 years, in Government Houses all over Australia, have personified the colonial heritage? What could he achieve with his presence except to intensify the contradiction between authoritarian structures and egalitarian pretensions in Australian society?

Meantime, the protests against Kerr have been stepped up, and there is even a view within the Labour Party, emerging but not yet very substantial, that it would be a good thing if the Queen toured next year virtually under Kerr's shadow, because the whole issue of monarchical and vice-regal interference in politics would be thereby dramatised in the public consciousness and politically confronted. But whatever the Queen decides about the visit – and the risk is to her institutional prestige, her hold on the imagination, rather than to her person – she would be ill-advised to project Prince Charles as the answer to her difficulties. How about Sir Harold Wilson or Lord Snow? Will nobody come forward to rid her of this present turbulent viceroy?

Sydney.

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London Diary

☐ The drought has now become part of our normal life and we take it for granted. But looking at the parched fields and empty streams I often wonder: is this the end of the world? After all, the end is bound to come some time and, when it does, will be just like this. The reactions to the water shortage have been characteristic. No such prolonged drought had ever been envisaged. Areas usually the rainiest were the most improvident and were first hit. The Lake District of course, holding the record for rainfall, has a drought every year. The Metropolitan Water Board declared confidently that its reserves would last indefinitely and is only now beginning to run round in circles. Attempts to economise water have been belated and inadequate. Everyone continues to believe that somehow the problem will solve itself. And so almost certainly it will. Some day it will rain and rain, and the drought will be over until next time. But will there be a next time? As in many human affairs whatever we do will turn out to be wrong. If the authorities take elaborate precautions against drought, it will rain every summer for the rest of the century. If they do nothing, there will be a drought year after year. Only one thing we can be confident of. The experts who assured us quite recently that we were in for wet, cool summers indefinitely are likely to guess wrong again. Perhaps with rainfall we are wise to stick to Micawber's Law: something will turn up.

☐ The drought was a parable of our economic crisis. This, too, came on us unawares. One minute we were promised prosperity for ever. The next moment we were victims of a malign fate. The crisis was the fault of foreigners or of accident. British policy had certainly done nothing to cause it. We were innocent victims. Emergency measures were taken. Wage controls are another version of saving water, introduced like King Frederick I's mistress more for ostentation than for use. The proposed cures are all promises for the future. The boasted cuts are the strangest of all and I am surprised that even bankers, the most gullible of men, are taken in by them. First vast sums of future expenditure are put forward. Then something is chopped off these imaginary figures. If only the Government had proposed still more expenditure in the first place, the cuts would have been even larger and everyone, I suppose, would have been even more impressed. In reality we are merely waiting for something to turn up. Every year the figures for next year, it is alleged, will be better. Some day the economic rain will fall and we shall be prosperous again. But in economics, unlike climate, these happy forecasts are no more than wishful thinking. Rattling the economic rain gauge will not produce any rain. Micawber, too, found that in economic affairs his law did not work. Fortunately for Micawber, his creator found an economic escape for him as a district magistrate in Australia. We shall have no such luck.

☐ Somehow we shall survive economic catastrophe even if, as I hope, it brings the end of private motor-cars. However, we can count on the scientists to bring real doom upon us. So far natural catastrophes have been worse than man-made ones. But the scientists are doing their best. All over the world they are manufacturing deadly poisons which, they assure us, will never escape. Of course the poisons do escape. The worst poison of all is nuclear waste. The discussion over it has started again with the proposal to rely on plutonium and the fast-breeder, whatever that is. Sir John Hill assures us that there will be no danger and that the discussion has been conducted in 'rather emotional terms'. This is far from being the case. The discussion is eminently practical. Just at the moment when the scientists are proposing to produce greater amounts of nuclear waste, the waste of 20 years ago, which we were told was safe for thousands of years, is beginning to leak into the oceans, and the scientists cannot even find the faulty containers. We gave warning of this in the great days of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. No one took any notice. I read with interest that Sir Harold Wilson still prides himself on resisting nuclear disarmament all those years ago. I think we can look forward pretty confidently to the end of civilisation and perhaps of life on this planet. The motto of every wise man must be that of H. G. Wells on his death bed: 'God damn you all, I told you so.'

☐ Meanwhile, as we wait cheerfully for the end, we have a more practical problem when we walk out to enjoy the fine weather. Norman Douglas remarked long ago that English people walked with bent heads in order to keep a look out for dog-shit on the pavements. The nuisance has become far worse since his time. Notices threaten a fine of £20 for allowing a dog to foul the pavement. No one observes the warning and very few are fined. It is impossible to stretch out on the grass in Regents Park or on Hampstead Heath without the most careful inspection, and even then you will not escape. Children who run barefoot are likely to catch a loathsome disease from the dog-shit they step on. Most of the dogs are small, but some are monsters who drop turds as big as those of human beings. Indeed I do not see why we too should not squat down on the pavements and leave our turds there. After all, our turds are less poisonous than those of dogs. As it is, a human being can be fined for even urinating in public – a totally harmless activity. In most European countries dogs are not allowed off the lead in public places. In Switzerland they have to be on the lead even in the forests, and enclosures of sand are provided for dogs' lavatories. Why not here?

☐ Vic Feather retired only a few years ago but already he seems like a figure from some prehistoric age. His very name, Victor Grayson Feather, commemorated a briefly subversive figure from before the first world war. Vic Feather always carried with him some echoes of the time when men actually believed in an idea called socialism. No one believes in socialism any longer. Even the Labour Left can only talk about import controls, an ideal originated by Sir Oswald Mosley in 1930, and look where it led him. Vic Feather's practical achievement was to beat off attacks on the independence of the trade unions, first by a Labour and then by a Conservative government. That battle, too, has now sunk below the horizon. There is no longer any need to defend the independence of the trade unions. Quite the other way round. It is already too late to defend the independence of governments, and a good thing too. Vic himself, though a model of moderation, was once depicted as a wild revolutionary. By the time of his death even Conservative newspapers had turned him into a traditional English figure. Vic and I once attended the Colchester Feast together. After consuming many oysters, four dozen in my case, we both made speeches. Vic extolled the merits of a socialist society. I poured scorn on the proposed rearrangement of local government. We were both applauded. Nothing followed. Socialism has not been introduced. And the new local government areas have produced more officials, bigger offices and less efficiency.

☐ I have reached the age of retirement, at any rate in the sense of the giving up my salaried employment. This only means that I have to work harder as a freelance. It is a nuisance to be 70 years old and not feel it. I run upstairs two at a time and always walk up the escalator. I climb mountains with less loss of breath than I did 50 years ago. The only reward I get is that young people think I am showing off. Also I am becoming a legend. Last week in the NEW STATESMAN Alan Ryan recorded the myths that have accumulated round my nine o'clock lectures at Oxford. It is true that I lectured at nine o'clock, purely as a matter of convenience. It is not true that I attracted loyal crowds. The lecture hall was never full even at the beginning, and the audiences fell away steadily as they always do at Oxford until by the end I was lecturing to a faithful half-dozen in a small room. I suspect that those who tell these mythical stories about my lectures, including perhaps even Alan Ryan, never attended them.

A. J. P. Taylor

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell (best known for his efforts to establish Whipsnade) told me in 1936 how he had been approached by several ageing members of the aristocracy, who asked to be allowed to act as voluntary keepers of the larger mammals, in the belief that this would enhance their virility. – *Nature* (Jane Ross)

☐ Minister of Sport Denis Howell thinks we should start preparing for retirement while still at school. It's as important as planning for a career, he claims. He says: 'I believe we should start preparing people for retirement while they are still at secondary school, though people look at me as though I am mad when I say that.' – *Evening Standard* (John Burgess)

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Familiar Figures—1

Bel Mooney

The Roadsweeper

In the recent heat half the cats in Camden dropped dead. Nobody noticed as, in quiet back alleys, in front of smart terraces, and on stifling main roads, they silently gave up the warm, furry ghost. Nobody noticed because, before the heat could hasten damage, before a fly could settle, the roadsweepers from the council cleared the corpses away. John Kennedy, roadsweeper for Camden for eight years, wrinkles his nose to show he thinks it's not a fit subject of conversation: 'Mind you, that's not so bad as when they're . . . mashed up. Mashed-up cats is the worst. That – that really upsets the public. So you have to throw something over them, and shovel them up quick as you can. I mean, it makes the children cry.'

From leafy Regents Park the one-way traffic thunders along Parkway, past shops selling pottery and Chinese clothes, salami and cigarettes. The trattorias turf out their wasted tagliatelle; the pubs spew crisp bags, cigarette packets and cans. It is bedsitter land as well as a 'desirable' residential area – home of a mixed, floating population of Greeks, Iranians, Irish, West Indians and English middle class. Along the main road, round the corner to the messy Inverness Street market, and across past Albert Street's £60,000 freehold houses with foreign cars outside – it's all John Kennedy's patch. Fit at 52, with blue-tattooed arms and tanned face, he steadily sweeps the pavements, not bothering too much about what he finds. Sometimes a shopkeeper will swirl his own dusty broom out to where John has freshly swept the street, but even then he does not care: 'I just go back and point out, politely, that he's breaking a by-law.'

John Kennedy did not set out to be a roadsweeper – 'Let's face it, it's not the sort of idea you'd have.' He worked for years as a chauffeur, driving for the 'gentry', like Mr Van der Mopp the diamond merchant, 'who treated you . . . well, I can't say as an equal . . . but as a human being'; and for the middle class who hired the limousine for functions, treating car and driver as one machine. After a period as a truck driver he came to Camden looking for a driving job. 'There wasn't any but the bloke said: "What about sweeping?" I said, "What do you do?" he said: "Sweep".' He'd seen them by the roadside, those men with brooms and barrows, and never noticed them – because after all, you do not. 'I thought it was a bit of a funny job – not the thing you'd want to tell people about. But I thought I'd try it for a while, and then I got hooked.'

The men at the Arlington Road Depot, Camden, maintain that the days of the 'roadsweeper-bogeyman' are over. There is a Jamaican who works with John whose mother used to warn him, when he was a lad in Kingston, that if he didn't work at his lessons and behave himself he would end up as a 'terrible roadsweeper in the gutter'. John's father would use the same, threatening image of disgrace. But according to John (a NUPE member) 'it's a reasonable sort of job – and one that's in demand, one you get quite educated people doing'. He takes home about £50 a week, after stoppages, for 45 hours, including Saturday and Sunday morning.

For that, he arrives at the depot at 7 a.m., and unlocks the gate to the yard where his section of 40 men keep their equipment. He has to check the barrows, see that each one has its broom and gloves, and distribute them to the waiting men. Then he hands out the green plastic sacks they put the rubbish in, judging the number according to the dirtiness of the patch each man works. Though most of them would like to, they cannot actually start before 7.30 a.m. sharp, since before that they are not covered by the Council insurance. But at 7.30 a.m. they are out on the streets, getting as much done before the crowds throng the pavements, blocking long brooms by their feet; before the traffic fumes build up and delivery lorries force the small barrows to move on and on.

John Kennedy says it is the people he meets who make his job enjoyable: stopping in the public lavatories to have an illicit cup of tea with the attendants, talking to postmen, milkmen and paper-sellers who are as familiar a street-sight as he is, answering the halting questions of innumerable tourists, chatting to shopkeepers. Years back he swept Euston Road in boredom, until Thames Television opened its doors, pushing 'interesting people like Eamonn Andrews and Monty Modlyn' into his sight. 'Once I met the man who actually owns the whole lot – all that Euston Centre – Mr Levy. He said: "Do you know how much this lot's worth? Forty million pounds." Funny he should boast to a roadsweeper.'

The unpleasant side is obvious: stinking food outside restaurants, bags of ancient refuse dumped in back alleys, the occasional stained mattress. One day last summer the depot received an urgent call saying there was a dead dog to dispose of. 'I went round and there was this little old lady crying. It was her dog. So I told her to go into the front room, because I didn't want her to see me manhandling it into a sack – they get so stiff and heavy. I mean, you've got to consider people's feelings. I went in the back room, and she'd put the dog in its basket and covered it up as if it was asleep, all peaceful. Well . . . it must have been there over a week. And it was weather like this. It was nothing like Revlon, I can tell you.'

The public too turn nasty, objecting to rubbish uncleared, 'treating you like dirt', asking 'what they pay their rates for'. John Kennedy's attitude is resigned: 'What can I do? They pay my wages. Anyway I feel sorry for them if all they can do is take out their feelings on a roadsweeper. What's the point of answering back? What should I do – go home and shout out of the window at the man who sweeps *my* street?'

He is also resigned to what he calls his 'housing problem'. For years he has lived in half a condemned house in Marylebone with his wife and mother-in-law. The people in the other half have been rehoused because of the damp; the ownership of the property has changed three times since Christmas, though no one has visited it; they live in four rooms with an outside toilet for £4.50 a week. He wants to be rehoused by Camden, because he works there – but switching from one borough's housing list to another is almost impossible. The bureaucracy is frustrating, the house depressing, his wife unwell – but John puts up with it all with an air of surprise that you think he might complain; just glad, he says, to get to work.

A student, on a vacation job, walks past the depot, pushing a handcart to the dump behind. John comments that he 'tackles the job as if he was an ordinary fella'. Once John tried to take his own 'step up' by applying for a supervisor's post, a desk job. He was shortlisted, but lost it – advised by his boss to keep trying because he 'had it in him' to take that kind of responsibility. He shrugs off disappointment; just points out with pride that one of the supervisors, a young smartly dressed man, 'doesn't look as if he's been a sweeper at all'.

Old images die hard. There is quite a high accident rate among sweepers because drivers do not notice them. When it comes to a strike the dustmen come out, while the sweepers carry on 'because we don't have the same weight'. Certainly the passers-by do not flicker an eyelid in John's direction as they hurry to Camden Town tube. 'That's how it is with this job. It has to be done, but nobody really notices you doing it.' A car backfires and he looks very serious: 'Mind you, me personally, I have to keep my head down. Anything could happen with a name like mine . . . and anyway, Jackie wouldn't like it if she saw me doing this terrible low job, would she?'

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

How's That?

It used to be generally accepted that, as he lay dying in 1936, the last words of that blameless monarch, George V, were 'How's the Empire?' This was either a genuine request for information or, as has been thought, a merry dig at that most British of prime ministers, Baldwin, hovering in the shadows. Some claim, however, that the words were 'Who's at the Empire?', the failing mind recalling salad day evenings at what was originally a rather saucy music-hall in Leicester Square.

Another interpretation of the barely audible sentence was 'How's that, umpire?' which was not only a tribute to our national game but also a despairing call for an early verdict from the Great Umpire in the sky ('Not out!', who can doubt?). There is a fourth possibility, 'Where's that vampire?', but this, emanating from Oxford and in a decade in which that university can hardly be said to have distinguished itself, can be safely discounted. Myself, I plump for 'How's that, umpire?'

If an extra piety and saintliness is to be noted on this page in the next week or so, it is because I have recently been reading what is, on the face of it, a rattlingly good cricketing yarn called *Baxter's Second Innings*, author anonymous. Not Stanley Baxter or Keith Baxter. A good bit before their time. Not even Rupert Baxter, Lord Emsworth's ex-secretary (he left Blandings Castle, you recall, because the entire household started taking pot shots at the seat of his trousers with an air-gun). No, just Fred Baxter, a teenage public schoolboy turning out for the first time for the XI and going in to bat in an indefensibly lackadaisical manner (*no pads*, if you please!). The spectators are, and rightly, disgusted ('Does that greenhorn know he's playing a *match*?'). The first delivery, a real fizzer, grazes the stumps, Baxter in defence providing a deplorable exhibition of ineffectiveness, arms and legs in all directions. The second ball 'rose on an inequality of the ground' and Baxter, failing to duck, catches it full on the nut, conks out, measures his length, and comes to in the pavy with a cry of 'Where am I?'

On the afternoon of the next day, Sunday we note, the weather is unusually sultry and Baxter, 'in a dozy sort of state', becomes gradually aware that on a chair at his bedside is The Captain. Not, I hasten to say, *The Captain*, that delightful weekly magazine which appeared concurrently with the *Boy's Own Paper*.

The mysterious Captain, a firm talker but physically somewhat ethereal, chats animatedly with Baxter about cricket, the youngster showing an admirable determination to do better in a second innings and inquiring about the identity of the embryo Larwood who had bowled at him: 'he's a regular demon!' Truer than Baxter thinks.

'I shall begin by telling you his name,' said The Captain. 'It is Temptation.'
'Tim who?' said the boy.
'Temptation,' replied The Captain.
'Oh!' said the boy. 'I hope you're not going to be religious. I thought we were talking about games.'
'So we are,' replied The Captain, cheerily. 'We are talking of the Game of Life.'

Baxter's actual age is not given but as he has won the Junior Sculling Cup (a wet-bob too, you see) *and* has, apparently, mastered shorthand, doubtless a profitable school 'extra', we can safely assume that he is at the post-pubic stage which considerably widens the range and variety of Temptation.

Having established that the game is Life and that Satan is The Bowler, we move on to a more detailed study. Satan's balls come, we learn, in a choice of three, 'Swifts, Slows and Screws', and all lead disastrously to Sin. Honour is the middle stump and Screws are the very devil, pardon me, to play: 'a screw goes wide at first and then suddenly rounds upon you and twists in among your wickets before you know where you are.' Everything clear? And don't be put off if Satan is sometimes misleadingly misprinted as Santa.

Practice makes perfect, goes on The Captain. A softy who never attends the gymnasium or uses dumb-bells gets no muscle in his arm. Push against Temptation and you get muscle in your *character*. 'Temptation is simply mental dumb-bells,' continues our friend, adding rather recklessly, 'stop me if I bore you . . .' You'll need to know the names of your three wickets: Truth. Honour. Purity. Beware of slows. They may look harmless but by jove they're not. Don't slog at them. Play carefully and the small insidious sins will never reach your wickets. But heavens, what have we over-looked?

'Baxter, you have forgotten something. There are more than wickets.'
'What?' asked Baxter, puzzled.
'*Balls*,' said The Captain.
Baxter was silent.

On reflection, and considering its place in The Captain's reasoned argument, I think we must, for Balls, read Bails. No sort of use having your stumps sturdily upright if your bails are flying all over the shop. And don't imaging that a dislodged bail lying in the popping-crease isn't going to be noticed. All is recorded.

'There are reporters at every match,' said The Captain.
'No, no! It's a private pitch.'
'But I tell you it's all written down – *all*.'
'How so?'
'On the scoring-sheet.'
'What scoring-sheet?'
'*Your* scoring-sheet. Your *character*.'
'Oh!' groaned Baxter.

On no account be discouraged. Get going with those dumb-bells. Block the Swifts. Mind your Bails. Look out for Screws. Pad up. And in due course I hope we shall all meet at the Lord's.

Letters to the Editor

Money Manipulation and Politics

Sir, The power of money in politics can take much more subtle forms than those mentioned in your editorial of 30 July. In fairness to the European Movement, if nothing else, it should be pointed out that they do not fight all their battles by the blunderbuss methods used in the referendum. Take the case of a book I recently found in a remainder sale: *The Security of Western Europe: Towards a Common Defence Policy*, by Sir Bernard Burrows and Christopher Irwin (Charles Knight, 1972). The price of 50p seemed reasonable – until I looked at the 'Acknowledgements' page, and realised I had already made a down-payment via the Department of Inland Revenue.

The writing of the book had been initiated by the Federal Trust for Education and Research, a largely public-funded charity which, with the European Educational Research Trust, forms the educational wing of the European Movement. A grant had been given by the Social Science Research Council. Research facilities had been given by the Royal Institute of International Affairs, which had collaborated with the Federal Trust from the beginning. The authors were made visiting Fellows of the Institute for the Study of International Organisations and the Centre for Contemporary European Studies at Sussex University. Discussion groups, some of them abroad, were held with experts from Belgium, Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, Netherlands, Norway, Turkey, the US . . . All this, no doubt, suggests a scholarly work of Gibbonesque dimensions. In fact it is a slim 150-page volume with no bibliography, an inadequate index, and very little original material or ideas.

However, the most important thing is not the waste of public funds but the fact that if anyone set out to write a book taking the opposite view – that a federal, militarised European Community would be a bad thing – then they would be lucky to get even token support, even from organisations that in theory have no axe to grind over the European Community and which should certainly be independent of the business interests that control the European Movement.

I join you in heartily deploring the introduction of slush-fund politics into Britain by the European Movement, but one must face the equally distressing fact that this is only the tip of an iceberg. For two decades before the referendum the European Movement pumped money into any sector of British life where there was influence to be bought. To give just one small example: in 1974 the chairmen of every Conservative and Liberal Constituency Party in the country were offered – and most accepted – free trips to Brussels as guests of the Community. Journalists, academics, businessmen, and many others were treated with similar generosity. And the money is still flowing. The emphasis, except in the referendum, has always been on recruiting the 'opinion

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formers', not the man in the street. In doing so, they have burrowed their way into the infrastructure of power in Britain in a way that would make a Marxist weep with envy.

CHRIS JONES

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London W9

Jones on Race

Sir, Mervyn Jones wrote a lot of good sense in 'Race, Racism and Truth' (NS 30 July) but it was a pity that the section on Manchester got such a lot wrong. He states that, by living in Moss Side, West Indians are disadvantaged compared to those in nearby white working-class neighbourhoods, and blames this largely on the council's slum clearance policies – he should have seen the conditions of the multi-occupation in which many black people lived in Moss Side before clearance: that was a far worse instance of a racially disadvantaged environment.

Unfortunately, not only Moss Side but every working-class area in inner Manchester suffers the disadvantages of wholesale redevelopment in the concrete phase of the late Sixties; all have suffered from the extinction of corner shops and all have their share of objectionable 'deck-access' flats – did he not see 'Fort Beswick' and 'Fort Ardwick' when he was making comparisons? Certainly the flats in Moss Side are the worst of the lot, but fortunately only a small proportion of the families in Moss Side have to live in them – 620 compared with nearly 2,000 in modern two-storey council property and 2,000-2,500 in the older terraced houses that Mr Jones admires. He is totally wrong when he says that the council is determined to wipe out the whole of old Moss Side, and that the remaining part is 'apparently doomed'. On the contrary, those houses are almost all capable of improvement, with 1,300 of them already in Housing Action Areas and 200 in a flourishing General Improvement Area, which is a model of how concerned residents in a racially-mixed area can work together and with the council.

Mr Jones is also wrong in saying that 'the three factories that formerly existed in Moss Side have been swept away' – the Harp and Anvil breweries are expanding, and Howell's Radio is still there; the only work-places swept away were a small clothing factory (female labour only) and a few back-street car-repair shops. Moss Side always was a place where 95 per cent of the workers had to use a bus, and a trip out of Manchester to the big plants like AEI was the accepted thing (15 minutes on the 53 bus is no great hardship, and most of the AEI workers come from further afield than Moss Side). What has changed in the last few years is the level of unemployment generally, and particularly for young blacks, whose numbers have increased steadily through natural causes.

I would like to applaud strongly Mr Jones's reference to the undesirable clubs, and to the black community workers' suspicion that they remain open only because the police are paid off – this is something that many people, both black and white, believe to be true. The difficulty is to demonstrate it sufficiently convincingly for the police authority to take action, as the club owners themselves are not going to stand up in court and admit it.

PAT PAGET
Councillor

31 Yeomanry Court
Whalley Road, Manchester 16

Sir, Re Mervyn Jones's criticisms (NS 30 July) of my article on the National Front (*New Society* 15 July). The primary object of my visit to Thurrock was to do what other media had failed to do – to report the views of, and try to understand why increasing numbers of working class people are voting National Front. The myths and hearsay cited in their allegations against minorities needed no running commentary from me.

Mr Jones accuses me of describing the National Front uncritically as a 'serious, credible party'. The other words surrounding this phrase ripped out of context were: 'If the National Front (who started with no base at all in this Thames estuary constituency) get a respectable total vote, it could well mark their emergence from the lunatic Nazi fringe to a position of being a serious, credible party on the far racialist Right . . .' Who is guilty of 'weak' and 'sloppy' journalism now?

TOM FORESTER

New Society
King's Reach Tower
Stamford Street, SE1

Sir, May I as an immigrant, albeit not a typical one, express my deepest gratitude to Mervyn Jones for writing that magnificent article on Racism and Truth, and to you, sir, for publishing it?

NADIR DINSHAW

La Rocquaise
St Brelade's Bay
Jersey CI

Left Hand, Right Hand

Sir, I have known both Anthony and Tony Mockler for a very long time – indeed ever since I can remember – and certainly I would be the last to accuse them of tedious rigidity. From babyhood upwards one said Baa, and the other said Boo; and I would have been terribly disappointed, I must confess, if they had made exactly the same noises on mercenaries and their myths in all the papers and journals that the omnivorous Jonathan Mirsky (Letters 23 July) has devoured. (But how did his eagle eyes miss the articles in the *Irish Press* – a rich feast containing at least two and a half inconsistencies?)

However, on this, the last day on which I bear their name, I must spring to the defence of my siblings. Journalism must surely have this in common with acting, my profession, that an interpretation has to develop and grow from place to place, almost from night to night, else it becomes routine and repetitious and sterile.

A.M.-1, I gather, was writing from Luanda in the quiet week when the trial of the mercenaries was over, the sentences awaited and the death penalty less and less expected; Tony Mockler wrote from Paris face to face with Western reactions just after the death penalty had been pronounced; and A.M.-1 in London after all was over. It would have been rather dismal if their sentiments (for I suppose even journalists like actresses are allowed sentiments) and their judgments had remained inflexible.

SUZANNE MOCKLER

6 Observatory Gardens
London W8

West's Politics

Sir, Richard West showed a cold lack of understanding in his piece on comprehensives (London Diary, NS 30 July). In calling comprehensive education a 'dud idea that the Labour Party clings to and considers "socialist" long after they have proved ineffective, dangerous and unpopular' he misunderstands not only the lessons of the last 15 years of education policy but also the philosophy of the party he purports to support.

Non-members may be forgiven for confusing the problems of large schools with those of comprehensives – we did tend to move simultaneously to these two and the ills of one have been blamed on the idea of the other. Not so Labour Party members with a greater interest in equality. Just because some big schools have failed children, can Richard West really forget the way secondary moderns 'failed' even more? The division of 11-year-olds into two 'classes' (on very middle-class criteria), the resultant feelings of inadequacy by the majority, the extra resources per head diverted to the minority, the divided child population . . . has he forgotten *why* we favoured comprehensives and why, now, while perhaps regretting we went for 'big' solutions, we must not throw the baby out with the bath water but rather seek to achieve the same ends – a true equality of opportunity – through a more manageable comprehensive system?

If Richard West has any doubt, I will gladly escort him to William Blake secondary modern school in Battersea and show him what 20 years of being a 'bottom of the pile' school means compared to the nearby favoured grammar and will then let him talk to those involved of the opportunity now presented to the boys by the forthcoming merger – of no longer being at the school no one admits to being at, but of going to the local school where academic qualifications can be got and where children of all abilities may work and play together, no longer separated by a publicly advertised IQ level. Wake up Richard West. We support comprehensives not because they're in the manifesto, but because they're to the benefit of the majority of our children and for the future community into which those children will grow.

DIANNE HAYTER

213 Battersea Bridge Road
London SW11

Sir, As not all of your readers will appreciate that when London Diary is written by Richard West it is not to be taken seriously, may I point out that his piece about public lending right for authors was presumably intended to be funny?

HUGH JENKINS

House of Commons

Within Their Compass

Sir, May I congratulate Mr Thorn on his article 'Winchester's M3 Battle' (NS 23 July)? All he writes is so true, and reminds me of an incident which happened some 25 to 30 years ago. I was then a member of my local district council. Planning was in its infancy, and had hardly been heard of. An occasion arose when I had to go up to county headquarters to settle some problem. The young man who met me was one of the two planning officers. 'Tell me,' I asked, 'what qualifications do you have to possess to become a planning officer?' After a short pause, he said: 'I really do not know. I do all my planning with this pencil and compass. I draw a circle like this. Anything within the circle may be developed, but outside the circle is forbidden ground.'

C. E. DAVIS

The White House
Exford
Minehead

Open Censorship

Sir, It was amusing to read James Ferman, secretary of the British Board of Film Censors, state in a recent letter (NS 16 July) that 'In the past year, we have been moving steadily towards a policy of freedom of information. I don't believe in a censorship system that operates behind locked doors. If we can't justify the decisions we take in this controversial area, then we shouldn't be taking them'. It seems unduly modest of Mr Ferman, however, to fail to mention the broadcast step he has taken so far in this direction – the publi-

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cation of the BBFC's Film Bulletin, where, at the mere price of £50 a year, any local council can enjoy the privilege of sampling his witty prose at length while reading how much he has cut out of films and why.

Along with Mr Ferman's screening of censored clips for the benefit of 'a film-industry audience at the British Academy of Film and Television Arts', this is surely a hardy blow for freedom. The implication is clear: that any English adult is deemed fit to see anything on the screen – with any risk of him or her committing rape or mayhem afterwards – as long as he or she is a member of BAFTA; and, likewise, anyone is entitled to learn about Ferman's decisions and self-justifications as long as he or she belongs to a local council which has £50 for such a purpose at its disposal. To implement Ferman's programme for an 'open censorship' policy further, the obvious solution is for every adult to join BAFTA and/or their local council, thereby participating in the process of enlightenment. This 19th-century concept of freedom seems entirely appropriate coming from a 19th-century institution in a 19th-century country where appointed guardians can legislate aesthetic values and take pride in this activity.

JONATHAN ROSENBAUM

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Dream Child

Sir, Now I can see why Kingsley Amis, Bernard Levin and Dennis Potter hold such a poor opinion of NEW STATESMAN readers. 'Can I be the only reader . . . who cringes whenever an article by Anne Bennett appears?' whines Susan Connor (NS 30 July). I would have hoped so. But, alas, no. Her letter was followed by another. But that of the second can be forgiven. It is the cry of the naïve recruit whose eyes still shine with the dedication and self-approval of the superior being, untried yet in the field.

I enjoyed 'Dream Child' (NS 16 July). Exactly as it was intended for me to. And as I enjoy each and every piece by Anne Bennett. Should – God forbid – I be ever again in need of a social worker I pray I am visited by Ms Bennett rather than either the humourless Ms Connor or the prudish Mr Hankinson – at least before experience has tempered him. Ms Bennett's apparent attitude to her work prevents her from going mad, and I'm willing to wager her 'success' rating is high. The two resentful letter writers should mix a little with those dedicated souls to mankind, nurses and doctors, a source from which, by the way, I get a pretty comprehensive supply of hard-core pornographic magazines. They would discover that 'the basic aims and ideals that underpin the work' must be augmented with a realistic, often cynical off-stage relief to avoid that very frustration, disillusion and aimlessness Hankinson fears. He is right – 'sympathy will not be enough'. He had better beware a worse, despicable emotion – self-sympathy.

Surely Anne Bennett writes as I read her? With tongue in cheek? If readers desire angelic stuff should they not be reading *Peg's Paper* and sticking with the TV 'Angels'?

R. L. WILD

13 Westwell Road
London SW16

Sir, Susan Connor's wordy letter splendidly illustrates the arrogance of many 'professionally qualified social workers'. I beg Anne Bennett, when she gets her CQSW, not to lose her ability to feel with her clients as if both she and they are human, and, please, let's have some articles from Anne Bennett, student – she just might be able to teach her potential tutors the odd thing.

BARBARA JOHNSON

1 Totteridge House
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Traitor to India

Sir, Referring to the review of my book *Traitor to India* (NS 2 July), may I point out that without David Leitch's personal involvement with me and my family, he could *not* have made the following comment: '. . . disaffiliated PR men, unfrocked priests and a bloke who once had a vitamin shot from Francis Bacon's doctor are all welcome as Creative People.' (The last being a gratuitous and repugnant snipe at a dead man.) This information, replete with the put-down about Creative People, does not appear in the book itself, yet the reader is invited to believe that it is the reviewer's disinterested opinion, garnered from an actual reading of the text: which, simply put, is disingenuous.

SASTHI BRATA

Savernake House
Hampstead

Nightmarish

Sir, The main thing that worries me about reading the NEW STATESMAN – fascinating magazine though it may be – is that I am afraid of going mad. For the last week or so I have been suffering from nightmares, all about James Fenton's column, and I find it alarming that it is becoming increasingly difficult to tell the difference between what I have dreamt and what I have read. The philosopher G. J. Warnock – not my old tutor – thought that there was a quality in dreams that made them distinguishable from reality. But I don't suppose that Warnock, at the time he reached this conclusion, had ever read the turgid verbiage on the necks and faces of Conservative backbenchers which was what posed as a political commentary in your 23 June issue.

DAVID HABAKKUK

27 Green Heys Road
Liverpool

Beam in the Eye

Sir, I was touched by Richard West's complaint (NS 23 July) that Sir James Goldsmith is making private allegations against him to which he cannot reply. As it happens, I understand his feelings in the matter only too well. I have been the victim of a campaign of innuendoes in *Private Eye* to which, because of their vagueness, I too am unable to reply. I wonder if Mr West would use his influence with the *Eye* and persuade them to stop beating about the bush and reveal all.

SAM WHITE

The Travellers
25 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Paris

Flags of Convenience

Sir, I am engaged on a project studying parliamentary candidates and their changes of allegiance. I would, therefore, be glad to hear from anyone who has stood for Party A, then had a change of heart and been selected as a candidate by Party B. I am unconcerned as to whether the individual concerned won in either contest but am interested in his/her motivation for changing sides (e.g. attracted by a particular politician, policy or what). All information from those who have fought under two different flags will be welcome.

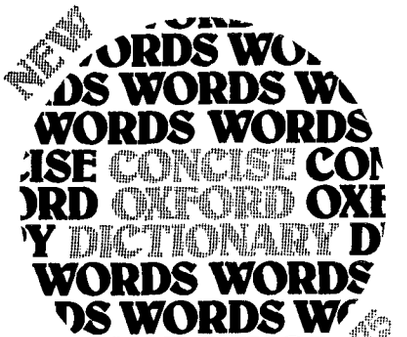
JOHN PENTNEY

43 Station Road
Pinhoe, Exeter

About Oxford books

Mrs. Gaskell's Life

Soon after Winifred Gérin's biography of Charlotte Brontë appeared, Robert Blake chose it as his 'book of the year', declaring in the *Sunday Times* that it was 'surely one of the great biographies of recent times'. Now, having completed her work on the Brontë family (her life of Emily was the last to be published), Winifred Gérin has turned to the life of Charlotte's first biographer, Elizabeth Gaskell. 'Mrs. Gaskell has a charming mind,' wrote George Eliot to a friend in 1853, 'and one cannot help loving her as one reads her books.' That, says Margaret Lane in the *Daily Telegraph*, is even truer today than it was then. 'This biography of an enchanting woman who produced three wholly different literary masterpieces gives one all the available facts, interpreted with sympathy and intelligence. It will send readers, I predict and hope, back to Mrs. Gaskell's own works, and above all to her irresistible letters.' A. S. Byatt, writing in *The Times*, says that Miss Gérin's portrait is 'imaginatively and delicately done'. And Martin Fagg in his *Church Times* review says that 'as usual, Miss Gérin leaves the reviewer little to do except praise the completeness of her research, the clarity with which she assimilates it into a full, smooth narrative, and the wisdom and balance of her judgements both human and literary.' **Elizabeth Gaskell**, by Winifred Gérin, £5.75.



The best value of all

'The most accurate and up-to-date report on the English language as spoken around the world in 1976' – *The Times*, on the sixth edition of **The Concise Oxford Dictionary**, just published at £4.75 (or £6 with a thumb index). In an interview for that paper Dr. John Sykes, who prepared the new edition, is quoted as saying 'Our job is to present information about English in general use today, giving particular examples of the way that ordinary little words are used. I sit here and try to become aware by means of all the available antenna of how the language is being spoken today, how it is changing, what words are disappearing, what new words are coming in, how uses and pronunciations are changing.' The **C.O.D.** has always been a popular dictionary (around 300,000 copies are sold each year). Now, completely revised and redesigned, more legible and easier to use, it is still, as David Holloway wrote in the *Daily Telegraph* the day it was published, 'the best value of all'.

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John Carey

The Critic As Vandal - 1

The business of establishing authentic texts is a branch of literary studies which has arguably made greater advances than any other in the 20th century. On the question of the principles upon which texts should be established, there has of course been strenuous debate between, on the one hand, the bibliographers and textual critics with their scientific and mechanical procedures, and, on the other, champions of literary judgment. Nevertheless the assumption that it is vital to determine exactly what words a given author wrote is shared by all parties.

This assumption does not arise from any conviction that the right reading will be the most appealing. The textual critic's personal taste is irrelevant. To rediscover the text is his aim, not to improve it. Our craving for authenticity in this respect arises from a relatively modern consciousness of the indissoluble fusion of form and content in a work of literature. It is a fusion, we now take it for granted, so subtle and profound that the terms 'form' and 'content' have themselves come to seem coarse and obsolete – no longer acceptable elements in a critic's vocabulary, since they insist upon a separation in which we no longer believe.

The relative modernity of this view strikes us with especial clarity when we glance back at an early English critic like Dryden, in whom we find a precisely contrary assumption. Dryden believed not only that form and content were divisible but that, even in the best authors, the form might well benefit from a drastic overhaul which would leave the content unimpaired. Thus in the preface to his adaptation of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* Dryden first lists what seem to him the play's shortcomings, and then continues: 'Yet, after all, because the play was Shakespeare's, and that there appeared in some places of it the admirable genius of the author, I undertook to remove that heap of rubbish under which many excellent thoughts lay wholly buried.' The heap of rubbish here referred to includes Shakespeare's language, in particular his imagery, which Dryden found overdone and obscure.

The earliest spokesman for our modern view of the intimate bond between text and meaning was Coleridge, who records in the *Biographia Literaria* that, by reading and meditation, he came to realise

> that it would be scarcely more difficult to push a stone out from the pyramids with the bare hand than to alter a word, or the position of a word, in Milton or Shakespeare (in their most important works at least), without making the author say something else, or something worse, than he does say.

No modern critic would dissent from that. We take it as an axiom that paraphrase inevitably alters meaning. To reword is to destroy.

I labour the point about paraphrase only because its implications for the practice of literary criticism seem to me to have been rather curiously overlooked. For a glance through any representative selection of the books and articles which literary critics have turned out so plentifully during the last half-century will be enough to convince one that what the writers are, for much of the time, busily engaged upon is rewording the literary texts about which they are writing. And since literature cannot conceivably be reworded without destroying its meaning, it follows that literary critics spend much of their time destroying the meaning of literature.

This is an unpleasant conclusion, and may not be accepted without some exemplification. However, since the practice I am referring to is so widespread, examples are not hard to find. They thrust themselves upon the reader, indeed, in embarrassing quantities, and the only problem is selection. Four instances of rewording will both make clear the sort of thing I have in mind and enable anyone interested to pick out plenty of kindred instances from his own experience of literary criticism.

The first is from Empson's *Seven Types of Ambiguity*, probably the most important seminal work in English criticism this century, and one that is almost entirely composed of rewordings and re-rewordings of pieces of literature. One could pick an instance from anywhere in this book and I have taken mine, more or less at random, from Chapter VI where Empson is discussing Herbert's poem 'Affliction', in particular the famous and paradoxical prayer at the end of that poem: 'Ah, my dear God, though I am clean forgot,/Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.' Empson tries out various rewordings of the last line which, he says, can be made 'grammatical and sensible' only if we assume a distinction of meaning between the two uses of the word 'love'. Perhaps, he suggests, Herbert really wants to stop loving God: he is asking to be released from the effort of trying to love God in some special, mystical way which has eluded him. For this meaning Empson offers the paraphrase: 'Do not let me spend my life trying to love you, loving you in will and deed but not in the calm of which so few are worthy.' Alternatively, Empson acknowledges, Herbert may be affirming that he does love God (as the apostrophe 'Ah, my dear God' plainly suggests). The poet chooses the worst imprecation he can think of for the first half of the line – 'Let me not love thee' – in order to give force to his determination to go on loving. For this meaning Empson offers the paraphrase: 'Damn me if I don't stick to the parsonage.'

The motive behind this crude rewording is not hard to fathom. Empson wants to deter his readers from the way of understanding the line that will probably have occurred to them, and accordingly he reduces it to a comic paraphrase so that they will feel ashamed of thinking the line meant that, and be readier to believe Empson's less likely alternative. In a footnote to later editions of *Seven Types* Empson records that F. L. Lucas took this treatment of Herbert's poem as proof of the vulgarity of his approach, and he adds in excuse: 'No doubt it is flippantly written, but a purely logical point can be made more clearly if it is not muffled by a sympathetic tone.' We notice here the two assumptions that a 'purely logical point' may appropriately be made about the meaning of a poem, and that a paraphrase may be better if it misrepresents the poem's tone. In both assumptions, Empson has had a large following. Not that 'Damn me if I don't stick to the parsonage' seems much worse than the flabby prose of Empson's other rewording: 'Do not let me spend my life trying to love you, loving you in will and deed but not in the calm of which so few are worthy.' Herbert's poem happily says nothing about 'the calm of which so few are worthy', and if we accept such a phrase, along with 'Damn me if I don't stick to the parsonage', as part of our experience in reading the poem, we are rewording and therefore destroying it.

My second example also shows paraphase being used to destroy the reader's view of what is before his eyes, though the motive is rather different. It is taken from the section on Spenser's *Faerie Queene* in C. S. Lewis's *The Allegory of Love*, and the bit which I should like to draw attention to is Lewis's account of the two naked damsels who 'wrestle wantonly' in a fountain, and whom Guyon comes upon during his visit to Acrasia's Bower of Bliss. Here, to remind us of Spenser's version, is his description of the girls' reaction when they see Guyon:

> The wanton Maidens, him espying, stood
> Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;
> Then th' one her selfe low ducked in the flood,
> Abasht that her a straunger did avise;
> But thother rather higher did arise,
> And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
> And all that might his melting hart entyse
> To her delights she unto him bewrayd;
> The rest hidd underneath him more desirous made . . .
>
> Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
> That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
> And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.

Lewis is anxious that the immorality of the girls' behaviour should not escape us, and he comments:

> Here, I presume, no one can be confused. Acrasia's two young women (their names are obviously Cissie and Flossie) are ducking

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and giggling in a bathing-pool for the benefit of a passerby: a man does not need to go to faerie land to meet them.

Unfortunately he does not divulge where one might go to meet them. But his gratuitous introduction of what are presumably meant to be lower-class names – Cissie and Flossie – leaves one with the impression that they are very much the sort of thing a man might have to brace himself to encounter on his way through the poorer districts between Magdalen College and Headington. At all events, some sort of class point is being made, and it is important to realise that it is utterly alien to Spenser's wording, as is the implication that the girls can be easily contemned. They are, on the contrary, exquisitely beautiful. The interflow of blushing and laughter in the last three lines I quoted, suggesting the colour coming and going in the girl's face, is one of the triumphs of Spenser's verbal art, and if we can read it and fail to see that no word could be changed without damage, we are not fit to read it. Lewis's word, 'giggling', is Lewis's word, not Spenser's. And Lewis's bluff certitude – 'Here, I presume, no one can be confused' – is entirely misplaced, for Guyon, as Spenser shows us, *is* confused, and successfully enticed by the girls, until the Palmer interposes. That sexual temptation can be readily shrugged off, and that only Cissies and Flossies would try it on, are simpler and more optimistic conclusions than any Spenser allows us. Lewis's rewording, as rewording must, has destroyed Spenser's meaning.

On the other hand he had, one might say, the best intentions. Unlike Empson, who merely wanted to distract his readers' attention from an obvious meaning, Lewis had, as always, his readers' welfare at heart, and was concerned lest they should have impure thoughts. He took steps to make the poetry less seductive accordingly. My third specimen is also from a critic who has virtuous, if misleading, intentions. It occurs in Christopher Ricks's discussion of the ending of Milton's *Samson Agonistes* where Milton's Samson, like the Samson of Judges, pulls down the theatre upon the heads of the unsuspecting Philistine audience. 'Why is Samson's pulling down of the pillars,' asks Ricks, 'not . . . a merely brutal act of revenge ? . . . There are limits to what a *donneée* in great literature can be asked to encompass, and genocide is beyond them.' The word 'genocide' is here superimposed upon, or rather substituted for, the 200 lines of dramatic verse which Milton has used to organise and control our response to the catastrophe. 'Genocide' brings vividly to mind the racial atrocities of the 20th century, and invites us to equate these with what Milton is writing about. As a piece of rewording it is more powerful and destructive than the previous two examples, since its tendency is to make us feel morally superior to Milton.

There are two procedures, I think, which might be adopted in rejecting Ricks's paraphrase. One, the more conventional and straightforward, would be to point out that it is, as it happens, not accurate. It distorts the issues as presented both in Judges and in Milton's drama. The reason for Samson's destruction of the Philistines is not that they are Philistines but that they are tyrants. Not their race, but their unjust oppression of Samson's people, the Israelites, brings down vengeance upon them. Should we wish to substitute a technical term for Samson's deed – which we don't – it would have to be tyrannicide, not genocide. Milton believed in a people's right to destroy tyrants, which is why he justified the execution of Charles in his *Defence of the English People*. In that work he actually alludes to Samson as a model, observing that Samson 'thought it not impious but pious to kill those masters who were tyrants over his country'.

That Samson is killing masters, tyrants, is emphasised, too, by an unprecedented change which Milton makes in the biblical account, a change which does not fit in with Ricks's view, and which he omits to mention. Recounting Samson's deed, the messenger reports that those who were killed were only the Philistines' political, military and religious leaders – 'Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests'. The common people, since they did not qualify for the best seats, were not harmed: 'The vulgar only scaped who stood without.' It was Milton's own idea: the Bible account makes no such exception. 'Genocide', then – 'the deliberate and systematic extermination of an ethnic or national group' – far from being an appropriate rewording of Milton, is a term which could as accurately be applied to the execution of the Nazi war criminals as it could to Samson's destruction of the tyrannous rulers who have deprived the Jewish people of their liberty.

That, as I say, is one sort of argument for rejecting Ricks's paraphrase. But the other, equally forceful, would be to reject it simply on the grounds that it *is* paraphrase: to insist with Coleridge that it would be scarcely more difficult to push a stone out from the pyramids with the bare hand than to alter a word in Milton or Shakespeare without making the author say something else, or something worse, than he does say; and that therefore, even supposing 'genocide' did bear a more accurate relation to the facts behind Milton's drama than it does, it would still be misconceived to intrude it into, or substitute it for, the particular experience with its precise ebbs and flows of feeling, its excitement of some parts of our being and suppression of others, which Milton has been at pains, for 200 lines, to create. Once the rewording – 'genocide' – is admitted as a part of our response, what Milton has created is destroyed.

The three critics quoted from so far are, needless to say, exceptionally distinguished. I have deliberately chosen figures of such eminence – Empson, Lewis, Ricks – to forestall the retort that the destruction of literature is an activity popular only among the second rate. But there is a disadvantage in confining oneself to such exemplars, for their very intelligence makes them unrepresentative. It inhibits them from giving way to the desperate ingenuity which accounts for a large proportion of the rewording endemic among literary critics. My fourth specimen has been selected to illustrate this, and is taken from a recent book, *The Prophetic Milton*, by an American critic, William Kerrigan.

Kerrigan, like Ricks, is interested in the

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JOHN MURRAY

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ending of *Samson Agonistes*. However, in his account what takes place there is not genocide but something more medical. His attention is attracted by the repeated references to wind – Manoa saying, 'What windy joy this day had I conceived', and Samson tugging down the pillars 'As with the force of winds and waters pent'. Samson, Kerrigan deduces, is in fact suffering from wind, or symbolic wind, and between the pillars he is able to get rid of it:

> Samson purges all the bile, rancor, fester, gangrene, rage and mortification of the mind. He does so in the posture of relieved constipation, 'straining' and 'bow'd', the release coming 'with horrible convulsion' and at last 'with burst of thunder'.

Attached as he is to this rewording, Kerrigan also feels that Samson, between the pillars, is giving birth, or perhaps being born, beside alleviating his constipation. He has, after all, been 'labouring' at the mill, and he feels 'rousing motions' which, Kerrigan suggests, may be 'the great rhythms of the mother' asserting themselves, as well as Samson's bowels moving. The result, Kerrigan curiously explains, is an instance of those 'births that emerge as anal discharges', and upon this association of excretion and birth depends, he concludes, 'the significance of the climactic moment between the pillars'.

Now although it is impossible not to feel dismay as one watches Kerrigan destroying the end of *Samson Agonistes*, it is also, unless one has been remarkably secluded from modern literary criticism, impossible to feel much surprise. Most of us could, no doubt, cite scores of examples of criticism just as resolutely perverse, just as adept at seizing upon a few words and phrases from the text, distorting their significance, ignoring their context, and, through the combined exertions of zeal, muddle and insensitivity, popping up with a brand new interpretation. Kerrigan would probably concede that *Samson Agonistes* loses dignity and elevation as a result of his emphasis – but some sacrifice, he might reply, is bound to be involved if literary critics are to keep discovering new meanings for works that have already been pored over for centuries. The new meanings will inevitably stretch one's credulity a little, for the credible ones have all been used up.

These, then, are my four examples – Empson, Ricks, Lewis, Kerrigan. You will notice that each rewords for a different purpose, and that taken together the four purposes account for a large amount of the literary criticism currently produced. Ricks rewords to subvert, and establish his ethical superiority to the work under examination; Lewis, on the contrary, rewords to hammer home what he takes to be his work's ethical aim. Empson rewords to fend his readers off from an interpretation they might have thought of for themselves; Kerrigan to entrammel them in one which no reader in his senses could possibly have thought of unaided.

This is the first part of a slightly shortened version of Professor Carey's inaugural lecture as Merton Professor of English Literature (which will be published this winter by the Oxford University Press). The second part will appear next week.

Clive James

Morocco Bound

Webster's Third New International Dictionary *G. & C. Merriam Company* £59.25
6,000 Words, A Supplement to Webster's Third New International Dictionary £8.50
Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary £8.75
The Concise Dictionary of Current English Sixth Edition edited by J. B. Sykes *Clarendon Press* £4.75
Webster's Collegiate Thesaurus £8.75
Bernstein's Reverse Dictionary edited by Theodore M. Bernstein *Routledge* £4.95

Suddenly it's raining dictionaries. The most drenching source of lexical precipitation is the G. & C. Merriam Co. of Springfield, Mass. – the organisation responsible for *Webster's Dictionary*. Recently the London editorial offices have found themselves obliged to receive hulking new copies of the 1971 *Webster's Third New International Dictionary*, sent not for review but merely as a sweetener accompanying *6,000 Words* (a supplement to the *Third*), various portable versions of the *Third*, and such works as *Webster's Collegiate Thesaurus*. Some of these smaller books bear a 1976 publication date and obviously *are* for review. I have been much amused, doing the rounds of Grub Street, to see huge piles of Websteriana stacked on office floors being stared at by glum literary editors, most of them vaguely wondering if Kingsley Amis might be induced to write yet another article about the decline of prescriptive standards, as revealed in the unquestioning acceptance of 'hopefully' as a qualifier. Yes, that would be one way of getting the stuff out of the road. . . . And when you add in all these other dictionaries and glossaries from other sources, plus, oh God, the new edition of the *Concise*, and then there's the final instalment of the *Supplement* to the OED in the offing. . . . Dictionaries closing in.

Having agreed to be at home when the van called, I am now faced with such a teetering cairn of word-hoards that the mind quails. Since there is as yet no furniture whatsoever in my new flat, I solved the problem of what to do with *Webster's Third* by sitting on it. Everything that needed to be said about it was said when it came out five years ago: it is a large-hearted achievement in the comprehensive, permissive American mode, good at absorbing recent developments in the American share of the English language but not much use as an historical guide to strict usage. At best it's a secondary tool, not a primary one.

The OED is the dictionary that matters, whichever side of the Atlantic you happen to be on. I don't pretend to consult my copy every day, but I would feel uncomfortable if it were not in the house as a back-up to its little offspring, the two-volume *Shorter*, which I *do* consult every day. For the language up to recent times, the *Shorter* is incontestably the dictionary that you must have readily to hand. Its abiding strength lies in the fact that the usages cited by its parent are more authoritative than indiscriminate, which means that its general tendency is less permissive than prescriptive. The American dictionaries of equivalent bulk have considerably less real weight: their meticulousness tends towards the mindless, since their criteria have so little to do with authority. Usage – any usage – counts for everything. Comparing the *Shorter* with *Webster's Third*, it is possible to say as a rough distinction that *Webster's* better reflects the protean vitality of the language but is a worse guide to its strength.

After only a lustrum, *6,000 Words* is a fairly hefty increment to the *Third*. It is also an interesting collection in its own right, ably reporting on a period in which the language has been expanding at a bewildering pace. Its temporal scope is the last 15 years. Most of the words come from the sciences and technologies, but the book is good on such fields as popular music as well – the sort of area in which the Oxford dictionaries have always been at a loss. Indeed the Websterians are by now much better at incorporating British slang ('redbrick' is in) than the Oxonians are at incorporating the American equivalent, even if the route to inclusion is sometimes circuitous. The whole approach to slang is admirably judicious: most of the words and phrases cited have at least a chance of lasting. Sometimes judiciousness errs towards the cautious: 'flak' is in (meaning abusive criticism – by extension from its original meaning of anti-aircraft fire) but 'flack' is not, yet the word 'flack' (it means record company promotion man) has been in wide use for several years in the music business here as well as in America.

Special fields such as drug abuse and homosexuality are thinly represented. On the whole, however, the slang entries in *6,000 Words* should help the reader with most of the difficulties he might encounter when reading, say, *Rolling Stone* magazine or the average hot-rod annual. As for the scientific entries – the overwhelming majority – they are certainly not skimped. Thus 'neuraminidase' is defined as 'a hydrolytic enzyme that is found esp. in microorganisms of the respiratory or intestinal tract and that splits mucoproteins by breaking a glucoside link'. I'll go along with that.

Objections to *6,000 Words*, as to most Webster spin-offs, crop up in the area where definition shades into grammar. Thus 'hopefully', in the corrupt meaning which quite properly enrages Kingsley Amis, is included on the authority of citations from H. C. Schonberg, N. M. Pusey and S. N. Behrman, of whom only Behrman can be said to be any kind of writer, and even he is chiefly renowned as the perpetrator of lifeless Broadway comedies full of dud epigrams. (The complete citation from Mr Pusey reads 'hopefully better coordinated and more effective programs may result'. It is strange that the Websterians, so alert to what is vital

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in the continually burgeoning language, can't see that this sort of thing isn't language at all.)

Nevertheless *6,000 Words* is a valuable book, bound to come in handy. Ideally it should be followed by similarly independent collections at five-year intervals and no attempt should be made to turn the *Third* into a *Fourth*. As it is, however, there is no stopping the beavering Websterians. *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*, also out this year, is not now merely the desk model of the *Third* that it once was, but incorporates also a good deal of the material in *6,000 Words*. For example, the corrupt meaning of 'hopefully' is now in, listed as an alternative meaning to the adverb. The sole authority cited is N. M. Pusey, once again hoping that better coordinated and more effective programs may result.

The Concise Oxford Dictionary has always been a bit of an embarrassment. Trying to do the job of the *Shorter* without the historical component, and trying also to do the job of *Modern English Usage* without room to explain itself, it was fated to be insufficiently descriptive in the first place and overly pedantic in the second. The *Concise* sells 300,000 copies every year and no game of Scrabble is complete without it, but really it is no substitute for the *Shorter*.

The new, Sixth edition, edited by J. B. Sykes, is the first large-scale revision since 1964. Mr Sykes has done a lot to bring the work within hailing-distance of the contemporary language. With regard to slang the *Concise* has usually behaved not so much judiciously as like a British judge – one of those clueless beaks who is always leaning forward to ask the meaning of words like 'jazz' and 'flapper'. Mr Sykes has done something to change that. His own background is in science – almost an essential qualification for a lexicographer at the moment – so he knows what to leave out and what to put in of all the thousands of recent scientific coinages. But on top of that he commands the essential gift of realising which bits of slang and jargon supply a general need in the language and are thus likely to endure. 'Groupie' is in and 'roadie' is not. Ideally 'roadie' ought to be there, too, but there is no doubt that 'groupie' is the must, since it is a word fairly aching to be widely applied.

Even under Mr Sykes's command, though, the *Concise*'s ear for American slang is not as good as *Webster*'s for English. 'Destruct' is in, marked with an asterisk to denote its chiefly American area of legitimacy. But really 'destruct' is an aerospace jargon word which has not done much to replace 'destroy' even in America, whereas a slang word like 'mono', used by a whole generation of American students to mean glandular fever (i.e., used as a contraction of 'mononucleosis') is in only as a term meaning single-channel sound reproduction. It is a pity that slang should be left out so that jargon can be put in. More seriously, 'hopefully' in its corrupt meaning is listed without comment – cheery permissiveness taking over from the old pedantry. Gaiety transfiguring all that dread. Still, the *Concise* is now a better book than it was.

Webster's Collegiate Thesaurus is also new this year. Since it is arranged alphabetically it is doubtless easier to use than *Roget*. I wouldn't know. *Roget* has remained on my shelves unopened since the day I bought it. Thesauruses, like rhyming dictionaries, are poison for writers, who should work within the natural span of their imaginations and memories. The same goes double for a concoction called *Bernstein's Reverse Dictionary*, in which you find the word you are trying to think of by looking up its meaning. Thus 'core group' leads you to 'cadre'. But why on earth would you be thinking of 'core group' in the first place?

Elaine Feinstein

Curtains

Moscow Farewell by GEORGE FEIFER *Cape* £5.95

This remarkable book is fiction only in the sense that the author has skewed dates and identities to protect any *Moskovichi* who might be harmed by his story. And yet the book has much more than documentary interest. Feifer loves Russia; even in the arctic hysteria of its winter, when the cold brings on the kind of 'self-doubt that leaves you too weak to lace your shoes'; even among student cliques drinking vodka until they vomit; even though he knows all about the student informers, the insane hatchet-faced bureaucracy that frustrates his research. He knows all about a habit of lying that goes so deep it can overcome the stark evidence of one engine visibly on fire through a plane window; and he understands precisely what is meant by the caution to watch all his references to Stalin. Who knows what the Party line may be by the time he comes to submit his thesis? And yet he loves Russia and the young Russians he meets, almost with envy – in spite of the privileged situation he enjoys as a foreigner and not because of it. He loves them because what they lack seems inconsequential beside what they have. A displaced American Jew, totally aware of Russian anti-Semitism, he still reports that the young people of Moscow seem to him 'more natural and more whole than any other young people he has ever known'.

At first it took me some time to understand what he meant. His discovery that beneath the apparent prudery of Soviet life, almost every girl in Moscow was casually and instantly available (without any expectation of emotional commitment) naturally delighted *him*, but was beginning to bore me, until his attention focused on the differences between their behaviour and that of the supposedly liberated West. When Feifer and his friend Alyosha exchanged girl-friends after making love, it is almost as if the girls themselves think of their bodies as interchangeable. Not mechanically so, as in a kinky New York novel;

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but because they feel so close to one another. It's part of a society where privacy as such is simply less important, where families, accustomed to live very close together, have never been able to shut away either dying or sex; almost as if sharing sex with friends was part of the same primitive habit of life. Their only shyness, rather touchingly, was not to do with their bodies, but their underclothes, whose ugliness made them deeply ashamed, and often led them to undress in secret.

It is perhaps only human that after such praise for an almost anonymous generation of girls, it transpires that the only girl who pulls unexpectedly out of such a relationship is the one who captures his love. Anastasia, as she is named in the book, is, we are told, modelled in part on his own Russian-born wife, and so we may take it that his battle with Soviet authorities to marry her and get her out of the country (not yet begun in the book) turned out successfully.

The deepest emotional involvement described in the book is not, however, that with his future wife; it is the love he forms for his grizzled companion in erotic adventure, Alyosha, part lawyer, part crook. Alyosha's energy and life are such, that, as Feifer puts it, 'he can make every walk over a Moscow bridge seem like a holiday'. Feifer doesn't conceal the seamy side of Alyosha's apparent freedom of action and occasional wealth. He is not only connected with the black market, he takes bribes from wealthy clients whose children are in trouble. (Not political trouble, needless to say; Alyosha specialises in rape charges.) He is never presented as any kind of hero. His behaviour in the wars with Finland and Germany was designed chiefly to ensure survival, and his promotion to officer was a ghastly miscalculation of his own manoeuvring that got him sent back to the front against his will. He remembers most wistfully the end of the war, looking across at the GI lines, and marvelling at the Americans' curious ease. They looked 'loose, happy, unafraid'. He deeply regrets not having at least *tried* to run across and join them; and he often asks Feifer whether, with his particular talents, he could have succeeded in the West.

For all his amoral, underworld stance, the friendship he offers is deep; and what Feifer feels for him is real enough to bring him back to Alyosha's bedside, and nurse him when this apparently inexhaustible fount of life and energy falls victim to incurable cancer. Alyosha's long, bitter fight is told with a bare clarity which rises above the horror of a sick body, open fissures, broken fistulas, channels for blood and pus and endocrine fluids, and produces in the reader exactly that terrifying alternation between hope and desperation we feel in the presence of disease itself. It is life and not art which times the appearance of new blue tumours just when we think the operation may have succeeded. And we are not *glad* when Alyosha dies and the torment is over – we are miserable. There were no miracles; and we learn again that no human energy is inextinguishable.

The Stepdaughter
Caroline Blackwood

'Caroline Blackwood's first novel is quite brilliant . . . An exceptional feat of skill . . . Form, style, content and perception are brought together so immaculately, with such absence of strain . . . This book demonstrates a major talent.' Jacky Gillott

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Andrew Roberts

The Backlash

Chibaro: African Mine Labour in Southern Rhodesia 1900-1933 by CHARLES VAN ONSELEN *Pluto* £7.50

'Look at the slaves coming in,' exclaimed the compound manager at Yankee Doodle mine, Southern Rhodesia, as a new batch of black workers arrived one day around 1910. *Arbeit macht frei*: his 'boys' could go home again *if* they survived the year for which they had signed up. *Chibaro* is the Shona word for such long-term contract labour, and it is the right resonant name for this caustic study by Charles van Onselen. For though *chibaro* labour never formed more than a fifth of all African miners in the country after 1912, most black workers – whether 'contract' or 'voluntary' – were treated no better than slaves. This book tells us how and why, and how the slaves fought back.

The mines of Southern Rhodesia – producing mainly gold, coal, chrome and asbestos – were poor relations of those in South Africa. They were small and scattered, and relatively expensive to work. They could keep going only if labour costs were pared to the bone, and in 1903 many workers in the south-west were in fact described by a doctor as 'veritable skeletons'. Meagre rations caused scurvy; gross overcrowding in foul huts caused pneumonia; while phthisis and accidents also took their toll. Not until 1919 did the annual death-rate fall below 20 per thousand – and this among the strongest young men:

> The economics of death suited the Rhodesian mining industry because it relied not on the capacity of a fully-developed proletariat to reproduce itself, but on a flow of migrant labour created within a regional economic system.

If one man died, he could usually be replaced by another, prised out of some remote impoverished village by the need to earn money for tax; and in time the progress of land alienation rendered the labour recruiter unnecessary. Besides, mine managers were largely free to use what means they wished to squeeze the last ounce of effort from their captive workers. For most mine compounds were, in effect, prisons, and van Onselen aptly compares them to Soviet labour camps. He coolly exposes not only the beatings and fines but also the more subtle forms of control: debt peonage at the company store, and the distractions of booze and paid sex which set workers against each other rather than against their masters.

Yet from the outset these workers did resist their masters. The better-paid formed friendly societies; they joined a quasi-trade union; they were inspired by 'Watch Tower' preachers to hope for an early Armageddon and a black millennium. And if these were minority initiatives which – like the occasional strikes – scarcely dented the structures of oppression, the great mass of workers assiduously manipulated the system to make the most of what little was in it for them. Within the compound, they 'loafed' and stole mine property; inside and outside, they compared notes and began to take the measure of Moloch. The migrant grapevine told them truly that the further south you went, the more you could earn, and by means of desertion and forged papers they sought to remain free to sell their labour to the highest bidder. They might be simple men, scared stiff of witches, but they could do their sums as well as any shareholder haunted by Red bogeymen.

Much of all this will sound familiar to historians of labour in the industrial West. But this is precisely van Onselen's point: black miners were victims of capitalism rather than colour prejudice, and reacted as workers rather than simply as 'tribesmen'. *Chibaro* is the first scholarly study of central Africa to discard the blinkers of liberal historiography. It is also the first full-length history of a specific labour force in central Africa. As such, it tells us much about southern Africa as a whole which until recently historians preferred to ignore. It is no great exaggeration to say that the crucial difference between British and Belgian, French or Portuguese labour scandals is simply that those of the British were better concealed.

Like any good pioneering study, *Chibaro* provides both a model for emulation and an occasion for warning. The scope and sharpness of van Onselen's vision is admirable: in mining his sources (mostly government records) he shows a keen eye for just those 'nooks and crannies' in compound life which reveal the mineworkers' relationship both to their immediate environment and to the whole vast sphere of exploitation which still reaches from the Cape to East Africa. At the same time, it must be noted that this is social rather than economic history. The concept of 'output maximisation' at least as used here, obscures rather than clarifies. One looks in vain for any sustained com-

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parison of labour strategies at large and small mines; there is no discussion of productivity, labour coefficients or rates of turnover. True, van Onselen has had to deal with a bewildering number of small businesses and he could not see such of their records as may have survived. But these problems might at least have been aired, and one should not have to dig into the nooks and crannies of the book for details of labour contracts or wage movements: the tables, maps and index are not specially helpful. All the same, as the economic history of southern Africa comes to be written we must hope that those who do it share van Onselen's ability to write terse and lucid prose, his awareness of how, in his words, 'primary industry is labour repressive', and his humane insight into the economic microcosm of the individual worker.

Francis Huxley

Ay, There's the Rub

Life After Death by ARNOLD TOYNBEE, ARTHUR KOESTLER and Others *Weidenfeld* £4.95

What becomes of us when we die? Of the 14 contributions to this volume, a good half look at the answers that have been given to this teasing question around the globe, some of them drawn from ethnological sources, others from various theologies. So various and often contradictory are these accounts that a sense of the absurd must soon arise in the mind, with the searchers for the truth appearing as hunters of one kind of Snark or another. As this unconscionable monster cannot be caught in a commonplace way, it is no wonder that we see it pursued by all manner of charms and threats. Do we leave a ghost behind us? If so, there are ways to stop it plaguing our survivors, and possibly to turn it into their protector. Do we meet with Judgment? A bribe, a spell or, best of all, a clean conscience will tilt the balance in our favour. Are we issued with a return ticket? Perhaps. But if we do not hold with this kind of nonsense, we can only expect to vanish away softly and suddenly after the canonical Agony of seven Fits, with a cry of 'It's a Boo —' haunting the ensuing silence.

It is quite possible to distinguish the various kinds of Snark that inform such traditions, and even to have a little fun at their expense. We all know that tradition is the voice of the dead speaking in the ears of the living, and that the message tells the individual that his rights depend on his responsibilities. We also know how painful the transmission of this message can be, and that by it the ancestors can enter into the computation of inheritance and social order, so that their status is given a dogmatic form.

In his introduction, Arnold Toynbee broods on one widespread tradition based on these facts, in which the immortality of the individual is made dependent on him perpetuating his line. But the Boojum remains, and is now more threatening than ever: what if the entire human race is soon to vanish? We should perhaps forgo any concern with individual immortality and take as our ideal the Bodhisattva, one who puts off his entry into bliss until all his fellows have preceded him there. But we cannot slur over the question of the individual so easily. Indeed, as Ulrich Simon also points out, this would only be playing into the hands of the collectivist State, whose power structure cannot tolerate mystical expectations.

What, then, of these expectations? The remaining contributors give several accounts of these, and largely follow Pascal in betting against the odds. Here we see the other face of the absurd, that of the self-fulfilling prophecy. Martin Israel deals with this in terms of the perfection of human nature, Simon as a fight against despair and the incontrovertible Either-Or of Reason, Renée Haynes through the old saying *mors janua vitae*. The Grofs, who have given lysergic acid to, amongst others, people dying of cancer, offer some grounds for such faith: the drug, they say, reveals states and sequences identical to those in eschatological mysteries.

So much the worse for eschatologies, the Boojumist might retort. Yet, as Mrs Heywood remarks, 'Is it honest to dismiss one's own real-seeming experiences because other people, however distinguished, assume they must be illusions?' And she reports, with all directness and simplicity, the several occasions when she was visited by dead friends and the vibrant actuality of their presence; and of other moments, when she was made aware of the interdependence of all things, organised as it were into choirs of like-minded singers.

To satisfy her more sceptical side for enjoying these intimations, she refers to such notable philosophers of physics as have been similarly enlightened, though observing a different class of phenomena. And so, finally, does Arthur Koestler, whose double-edged candour is as sharp as ever. For him, our minds are incapable of dealing with the question of life after death, and there is anyway that paranoid streak in us all, to create Snarks at every turn of the way. But again taking up the paradoxes of physics, since we now assume that an elementary particle can be either corpuscle or wave, and that it vibrates without a medium for its vibration to be carried upon, what stops us from treating body and mind in the same way?

It may be, then, that not every Snark is a Boojum. If that is right (though its absurdity will in no way be diminished by the fact):

> Fetch it home by all means – you may
> serve it with greens,
> And it's handy for striking a light.

We regret that, owing to a misunderstanding, the three poems by Siegfried Sassoon on the General Strike, which we published in the issue of 30 April, appeared without the permission of Sassoon's Estate or Literary Executor.

John Fowles

The Rambler

The Naturalist in Britain by DAVID ELLISTON ALLEN *Allen Lane* £9.00

In view of the long and frequently celebrated love affair of the British with nature, it seems extraordinary that this is a pioneering work – the first synoptic attempt to study the naturalist himself as a cultural and social phenomenon. The result is both scholarly and very entertaining. A formidable amount of original research has gone into Mr Allen's labours; and also original thought. He is particularly good at tying in general mood and intellectual background – nature as mirror to each age. Many besides naturalists will enjoy this book, whose typography and design I should also like to praise. It remains a tasteful bird, the penguin.

The love affair began seriously in the late 17th century, heralded by the first printed aids to identification in the 1670s, swiftly followed by the first tools of trade – the geological hammer in 1696, botanical tins in 1704, butterfly nets in 1711. Owing to the link with medicine, botany was queen, and was to remain so for nearly a century. Botanists started the first club, and the first field trips. It is true these 'herbarizings'

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Michael Coveney, *Financial Times* £1.50

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weren't always conducted with perfect sobriety, but then over-jollification at annual get-togethers seems an endemic vice (or virtue) of naturalists all through our history.

Despite the much greater scientific output of the Victorian and our own time, it is hard not to feel that as a pastime nature was at its pleasantest in the Age of Enlightenment. It became very fashionable with both sexes, which perhaps explains why botany and butterflying continued to rule the roost. Not all the ladies were mere sentimental dilettantes. In 1721 the Duchess of Beaufort was the first person to realise that caterpillars have different food-plants; and she knew because she was a very skilled insect-breeder, as well as a talented botanist and gardener. The Duchess of Portland rivalled her later, forming probably the finest natural history collection in Europe, keeping open house to visiting savants – and outclassing the British Museum in every way. Even Kew Gardens owes its inception to Princess Augusta; and the disseminating role played by Horace Walpole's 'petticoteries', the salons where the habit of the scientific *conversazione* arose, was considerable.

Women were to have a much less kind time of it a century later. A sad majority of our older societies remained bastions of male chauvinism right through, and past, Victoria's reign. Even a democrat elsewhere like Charles Kingsley saw only two solutions to the mamas on field excursions ('treat them like duchesses or shoot them') and left no doubt as to the more desirable course. But perhaps that was only because they hampered communion with younger female nature. One amusing illustration shows two worthy gentlemen aghast at the sight of a pretty marine biologist's uplifted bustle and naked lower calves. Another society specified width of stiles in its field-trip circulars, in the heyday of the crinoline.

Well into Victorian times the thing reigned supreme; the dead or tamed object, duly collected, at the behest of the Swedish dream of an omniclassified, numerable reality. The great counter-view contained in White's *Selborne* did not begin to have any real effect until 40 years after it appeared in 1788, and it needed Darwin to reassert the primacy of living process. But if we tend to associate Victorian naturalists with the massacre of anything that moves, Mr Allen reminds us the real picture was far more complex than that. Even the massacring was only a facet of man's oldest problem: technology in advance of morality. The mystery in fact is rather less why they so abused the gun than why they did not use telescopes and field-glasses. These were available generally from very early in the century, but came into common use among ornithologists only at the very end. It took an abysmally long time to learn to hunt with the eyes instead of with the twelve-bore.

But the beginnings of conservation were already there. Yarrell gave up his shotgun for good in 1826. Dovaston hit on the ingenious idea of the 'ornithotrophe' about the same time – the bird-table – and very nearly stumbled on the secret of territory in the process, although feeding birds did not become a national habit (in cities long before the country) until the bitter winter of 1890-91. There was concern also at the depredations of the fern-craze suppliers after the discovery of the airtight Wardian case; and actual legislation against the plumassiers and their endless appetite for ospreys and egrets.

Thomas Huxley started the revolution in the teaching of the natural sciences in the 1870s – a great achievement in itself, but the unfortunate eventual cause of the parting of the ways between amateurs and professionals, with the former only too often heading for the morass of 'Nature Notes' sentiment and the latter for the thicket of jargon.

And so to our own century, and the rise of ecology and ethology; the advantages and costs of the new public mobility; the culturally interesting supremacy, in terms of popularity, of ornithology; the techniques of species census (the heron was the first), the compilation of atlases, which has even, since the war, brought about a partial reconciliation between the professional and the suitably indoctrinated amateur, since the former now depends for so many of his statistics on the latter. I am one of those Mr Allen calls doubters – of the unalloyed virtues of the scientific domination of natural history – and I wish he had given a little more space to John Ruskin's similar doubts ('subversive of man's capacity to benefit from nature emotionally') of a century ago.

But never mind. His book was much needed, and I doubt if it will ever require much correction; in both literary and bird-watching terms, a notable 'first'.

Alethea Hayter

Hanging Judge

Gambart, Prince of the Victorian Art World
by JEREMY MAAS *Barrie & Jenkins* £8.50

Like one of those Pieter Breughel pictures in which the ostensible subject, the hermit or preacher, can only be discerned with difficulty among a crowd of grotesques, this biography's central figure proves to be an insufficient focal point in a fascinating scene. Its author originally intended to present a general picture of the Victorian art world, and it is perhaps a pity that he did not adhere to this intention. But in the course of his researches he found the picture dealer Ernest Gambart cropping up so frequently that it seemed as if the scene could be patterned as a spider's web with Gambart at its centre.

From the early 1850s till his retirement 20 years later, Gambart dominated the British trade in contemporary pictures and prints by his flair for commissioning, buying and exhibiting what the newly prosperous patrons and public of the day would like and understand. For half a century to come his pervasive influence could be seen in almost every schoolroom and seaside lodging-house in Britain, on whose walls an engraving of Holman Hunt's *Light of the World* inevitably hung. The memoirs and letters of Victorian painters are full of references – not always complimentary – to Gambart's power and acumen, and this book gives lively glimpses of the leading personalities of the Victorian art world, though their connection with Gambart seems generally to show their least agreeable aspects – Rossetti's mocking slippery evasions, Holman Hunt's surly guile, William Bell Scott's gossipy spite. The reader is, however, left with a rather confused impression of this busy scene because it is presented, not in terms of schools or groups of painters or of trends in taste, but in year-by-year chronological records of Gambart's purchases, negotiations and exhibitions.

The book falls into three parts. For the first, the period before Gambart reached his commanding position in the art-dealing world, biographical information is so scanty that his two first wives rate only a couple of sentences each, and the author has to resort to a good deal of padding of the 'he would have observed . . . the populace plying their trades – the shoemakers, staymakers, pastrycooks' type, and after pages of well-informed descriptions of contemporary London, author and reader are guiltily jerked back to the main subject by the reminder, 'What was Gambart up to all this time?' The second part, the main central chapters, gives an extremely interesting account of the heyday of the Pre-Raphaelites, of Frith and Landseer, Rosa Bonheur and Alma Tadema, and of the organisation and economics of picture-dealing and print-selling during this period. The third part of the book, covering Gambart's long luxurious retirement in Spa and Nice, is mainly concerned with social events and snobberies, and is out of key with the best part of the book.

We hardly ever see Gambart alone; perhaps he existed only in company. We hear nothing of his religious and political opinions, if he had any; nothing of what he read – only about the cost of his library; and though we do hear a fair amount about his friendships, his hospitality, his social charm, his sexual life, the man himself remains elusive. Even his own taste in art – as opposed to what he thought would sell well – does not emerge clearly. Rossetti gave an interesting definition of the expertise of the 'old he-wolf': 'Gambart understands pictures to some extent and their marketable qualities perfectly.' It seems almost an accident that Gambart traded in pictures rather than in, say, diamonds or shipping. He was a born tycoon, whose nerve, tenacity, instinct for exploiting the demand for status symbols, and skill in the manipulation of other human beings would have made him a success in any type of business.

Two of the most vivid incidents in this book illustrate respectively the method – a mixture of 'humour, flattery and sheer humbug', as Jeremy Maas well defines it – by which Gambart controlled and harnessed his most capricious painter clients, and the grit and self-confidence which carried him through some dangerous crises. In the first he is seen accompanying Rosa Bonheur on a Scottish trip and uncomplainingly carrying her heavy painting-gear up crags and gullies as she scrambles in search of Highland cattle to sketch. In the second he is

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found, on the morning after a gas explosion has blown up his house, and scattered huge oil-paintings all over the neighbouring St John's Wood gardens, sitting on the lawn beside the smoking ruins and carrying on his correspondence at an improvised writing-table.

Gambart undoubtedly made a decisive contribution to the prosperity of 19th-century English painting, helping to bridge the gap between the disappearance of aristocratic patronage and the start of State subsidies to the arts, by enabling many painters to amass considerable fortunes. The resultant over-production may not have helped the finances of the painting profession in the long run, but the honest art-dealer (and Gambart was honest, a wily bargainer but a man of his word) who is in it for the money, but respects the commodity in which he deals, is perhaps a better friend to the artist than a Maecenas or a bureaucrat.

This book is very thoroughly researched, down to meteorological and immigration records, and well illustrated, and will be a valuable reference book for those interested in the art trade, rather than in art itself. The author has deliberately eschewed value judgments on the paintings in which Gambart dealt, which were only those likely to be readily acceptable by the public of his day. He took risks with newcomers but not with new trends or unfashionable idioms – he was suspicious of Impressionism when it surfaced in his latter days, and the name of Samuel Palmer, who was executing some of his most beautiful etchings during Gambart's heyday as a dealer, does not appear among Gambart's clients mentioned in this book which, in spite of a promising subject and much scholarship, leaves one feeling that there's a vacuum where the centre ought to be.

Gerda Mayer

Clover Patch

Over the old clover patch
a woman is bending
looking for luck;
as we did, decades ago.

And I could tell her
she'll never discover
the coveted four-leaf
here. Nor did

(some paces away)
the milk of the stalk of the
dandelion
ever cure warts.

But still we come
(warted and unfortunate)
so long as that field
endures; if not for luck

then for the symbol of
it; the pleasure and almost
the luck, you might say,
being in the hope.

Valentine Cunningham

Nouveau Nouvelle

A Web of Lace by PASCAL LAINE translated by George Crowther *Abelard-Schuman* £2.25

New Irish Writing edited by DAVID MARCUS *Quartet* paperback £1.50

Battling for the prize 'gainst storm and wind and tide, the decks of Prix Goncourt winners are too frequently discovered to be awash with little more than tea – all that Parisian fuss, in such a little cup. But clearly not in 1974: *A Web of Lace*, George Crowther's translation of Pascal Lainé's *La Dentellière*, Goncourt winner of that year, proves to be something quite out of the ordinary. More out of the ordinary in Britain, of course, than in France. Here, apart from the late and lamented B. S. Johnson, we're a kind of lumpen-proletariat making heavy weather out of trying to deploy *nouveau roman* ploys, even though our very own Laurence Sterne set the first lightsome example and our almost very own S. Beckett and Flann O'Brien have been Sterne's most able continuators. Compare Giles Gordon or Gabriel Josipovici with Pascal Lainé and you will see what I'm getting at. With an impressive delicacy of touch and a confounding economy of means, M. Lainé packs into a 92-page *nouvelle* a committedly socialist critique of an uncaring bourgeoisie, as well as a serious set of critical reflections on the opacity of persons discovered by fiction's approaches.

Pomme, a decent village girl with little to say for herself, working in a Paris hairdressers, is picked up by Aimery, a student from a be-chateaued family, and they set up a menage in a romantic garret. She's very sexy (men lust after her in the streets), though she herself thinks not. He, of course, tries to wrench her into a mirror reflection of himself – doses of books, application of 'a sort of moral make-up'. She's content, washing his clothes and cooking his meals – emptied of herself, the novel suggests, as all such pick-ups are by their pickers-up. The satire is pointedly organised, not least when the couple visit his parents and Pomme is talked over and through by the condescending mother. But she isn't simply made a social nonentity: the question of her knowability *vis à vis* the novel itself is also raised. Is she in fact empty and unreachable, or is she most eloquently revealed in her emptiness; as the lace-maker appears less in the web than in the transparencies of the lace? The issue comes as forcefully across as in Virginia Woolf's *Jacob's Room* ('character drawing . . . exquisite outlines enclosing vacancy'), except that Lainé goes one throw further. Aimery, after their break-up, turns writer to write out his guilt. Turns, in fact, into our writer. And his self-deceptions become a model of possible authorial ones: are people actually, like he wants to believe Pomme is, all that unknowable?

Having placed her in a mental hospital, Aimery is relieved to discover that Pomme remembers nothing: until she discloses a mindful scrap or two. 'I'd thought her indifferent, vague. It'd meant something to her, then? That?' As I read it this shocked moment makes a very exciting turn-up. The novelist, it suggests, might not just be generally criminal in the old (Dickens to Kafka) sense, but guilty in particular of refusing to acquiesce in the knowability of mankind. Criminally guilty, no less, of being an anti-novelist.

New Irish Writing is, in its different way, yet further trove. The hesitating, interpolating tactics of the prose-balladeers readily transfer, like the rhetorical charges of oiled-up holders-forth in public bars, to the pages of books actually printed. Not only is there a great tradition – and these tales of provincial life smack inevitably of Joyce. But there's also, as they say, strength in depth. All the contributions come from the weekly 'New Irish Writing' page of *The Irish Press* (where but in Ireland . . .), and it's not just the big names (John McGahern, Benedict Kiely, Terence de Vere White, Peter Luke, Patrick Boyle, William Trevor) who score: it's also 'New Irish Writing' discoveries like Ita Daly, Maeve Kelly, Ethne Strong, Emma Cooke and Patrick Burley who strike you as producing the real thing. Clearly, the Irish are a nation of short-story naturals. Clearly also, so far from constituting drawbacks, provincial straits and the attendant clutch of beliefs are actually good for fiction.

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Theatre

Craig Raine

Idle-Istic

Bobok *Christ Church, Hampstead*
The Only Way Out *Theatre Upstairs*
Bridget's House *Young Vic*

Churches always make me feel uncomfortable. It needs only a glimpse of the tidemark on a font and I recall my last confession many years ago – the priest's yawning profile, my list of admissible sins and my toaster cheeks when I forgot the Act of Contrition. It would be difficult to convey the sarcasm of the subsequent prompts. In future, however, I'll probably associate churches with the more subtle embarrassment of *Bobok*, an example of fringe theatre that turned out to be stubble. For my penance, the solo performer never dried once in his dramatised recitation of Dostoevsky's story.

Two things were wrong: the acting and the assumption that the tale is intrinsically dramatic. *Bobok* is the monologue of a drunken hack who tells how he attended a funeral, wandered or dropped off, and heard the voices and vices of the dead underground. The intention is to shock us by presenting moral corruption in tandem with its palpable counterpart, physical corruption. Powerful in synopsis, the story fails in execution by the absence of Dostoevsky's characteristic detail. A single moment of genius only demonstrates the comparative inferiority of the remainder: a half-eaten sandwich rests inexplicably on a tombstone, so bizarre and convincing that it satisfies the reader at once and only later insists on itself as a grim emblem of interrupted appetite. Apart from this, Dostoevsky returns monotonously to the dreadful pong and sketches in a few examples of barely differentiated viciousness.

Boris Isarov, who comes from the Soviet Union with an impeccable acting pedigree, obviously saw the story as an opportunity to display his skills by playing many parts at once, male and female. Like Sloppy in *Our Mutual Friend*, he would 'do the police in different voices'. But given so little help from Dostoevsky, Mr Isarov tensed his facial muscles as if he trained them on a Bullworker and waved his arms like a conjuror with a dozen incontinent pigeons up his sleeve. It was, in fact, a display of rhetorical acting (old-style), and might have worked had he produced a suitably dazzling string of voices from his mouth. Alas, it was falsetto for the females, tenor for most of the men and a strained bass for the general. There was no subtle vocal characterisation. Moreover, the pronunciation, though good, was not good enough, as everybawdy in the audience could hear whether shorpkipper or seller of boogz. In a few years, Mr Isarov may be very good, but right now it tease a little idle-istic to take on such an ambitious project.

Equally idealistic, worthy and disastrous is *The Only Way Out*, written by George Thatcher, a convicted murderer serving a life sentence in Gartree Prison, Leicestershire. Mr Thatcher has consistently maintained his innocence (see Bel Mooney's article, NS 14 February 1975) and so does Redmond, the hero of his play, as he whiles away the 26 days in the condemned cell before his appeal is heard. It is another attempt to do the police in different voices – a whimsical Medical Officer, a simple Yorkshire screw, a rat of a Landing Officer and so on – but surprisingly they don't get a word in edgeways, which makes the eventual rapprochement between Redmond and two of the screws seem tenuously based. The loudest voice is that of Redmond (played with the stylish truculence of Billy Fury by Brian Croucher) who bests his overseers with unconvincing frequency, finally managing to pilfer a razor blade from the two sleeping ciphers, in case the appeal should fail.

In a sense, *The Only Way Out* is most sad when it is most articulately inarticulate ('and my fear is enormous'), when it shifts fatally from bumpy documentary to literary effects. Here, experience, however unpleasant and unjust, cannot help Mr Thatcher, only art can – and at the vital moments, the drama is a literary equivalent of basket-weaving. Throughout, a blackbird sings to signal morning, chippering away like the fast rewind of a tape-recorder. Sometimes it sings at night, confused by the floodlights outside. Now, one could believe that this false dawn was a telling and intentional image of the approaching appeal, were it not for Redmond's sentimental apostrophe on his last night – 'Blackbird! Blackbird! Lend me your wings!' With that, the writing and the flight of ducks are on the wall.

There are no ducks on the walls of *Bridget's House*. An ugly mob of empties on the kitchen cupboard presides over dog-ends, over cheap furniture that chips and glistens like Keiller's butterscotch, over six ill-equipped human beings. All think of themselves as experts in human relations. There is Matthew, an Action Man sociologist, with new desert boots, a foam-lined uncrushable safari jacket and a professional interest in Argyll's 'body language and patterns of affiliative behaviour'. Cornered and pressed for an account of field-work with people on his own behalf, he replies, 'I play squash'. There is Jonathan, a jumpy Christian whose Adam's apple bobs like a Scotch egg going down a boa constrictor. He lectures his Bible class on the dangers of permissiveness. There is Benny, a session musician with a nifty one-handed technique for undoing bras. Naturally, these experts fail to get on with each other or with the two women whose long experience of men can be summed up as sleeping in the wet patch, unsatisfied as ever.

The girls, Bridget and her lodger Mo, share a general disillusionment with men, but as they talk about sex (Bridget symbolically screwing up a plug) it becomes clear that they differ in particulars. Each is a *true* mirror image of the other – that is to say, the same thing reversed. Thus, as a right hand becomes a left hand in the looking-glass, so Bridget's problem is how to cope with the advances of the brainy yet clammily unsexy Matthew, whereas Mo 'gets her rocks off' all right with Benny but yearns for more of the other grey matter. Matthew can introduce Bridget to a broad cross-section of working-class and middle-class testees, but lacks testes of his own. Benny, on the other hand, has balls and talks them: 'I can remember when you could get good grass for eight quid an ounce,' he maunders, like an OAP at the Tesco. He's into Slim Whitman, nostalgia and Park Drive cigarettes but probably thinks that Chekhov is a new group. Neither man is satisfactory and both make the women smoulder with resentment instead of inflaming their passions. No wonder Andrew wants out and keeps the misery at a distance by studied whimsicality – a kind of Pontius Pilate who paints, not suffering Christ but Bo Diddley on the cross. Pain has no appeal for him, unlike Benny, who remarks: 'I'd like to go to the States. I'd like to see a real ghetto.' Andrew knows they are living in one.

The Hull Truck Theatre Company who devised this hilarious play are worth going to see – in Oxford, for example, from August 3 to the 7th, and at the Bush in November.

Television

Ian Hamilton

Choked

If I'd been working in television for 40 years (and I suppose somebody has) I don't think I could have watched BBC-1's *Forty Years On* without a certain lowering of the spirits. All that effort, all that cash, all those passing (now ludicrous) enthusiasms; was this any way for a man who once subscribed to *Scrutiny* to spend his adult years? Admittedly, the three-hour collage of snippets seemed almost deliberately geared to point up the medium's ephemerality, but then imagine any one of those antique programmes shown in full. Michael Bentine's *It's a Square World* on Monday night revealed the comedian's feebleness with cruel prolixity; an extract might have let us carry on thinking of him as a comic pioneer. Similarly, a 60-second shot of Dr Kildare furrowing his brow could be greeted with a fond smirk of recognition; a whole episode (Tuesday ITV) would have sent us to the doctor's.

Thus, one effect of Sunday's curtain-

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raising show was to warn us against watching most of the anniversary repeats that were to fill the coming week. It showed us Gilbert Harding on the brink of tears; it reminded us what John Freeman's back looked like – not many, I'd think, would have stayed in on Thursday night to watch a full-length version of this historic television coup. (If they did, they may well have wondered how Freeman got his reputation for merciless probing of the human heart: nowadays Harding would not have been let off so lightly – 'You seem to be blubbing, Gilbert – why is that?'). The collage itself was put together with a rather self-congratulatory panache: a snatch of *Quatermass* would dissolve into a recent moonshot, then we'd be jostled on to an extract from *1984*, and from there to the first H-bomb test and Bertrand Russell sounding off on *Panorama*. The transitions were not always as subtle or compassionate as they might have been (we were switched from real life Korean war veterans to a slice of *M*A*S*H*) and in some instances were crass: *The Grove Family*, *The Family*, *The Royal Family*, *Till Death Do Us Part*. But a programme of this length and able to draw on these resources could not fail to have its gripping moments. My favourites: *Panorama*'s spaghetti harvest spoof, and the spectacle of an achingly respectful Geoffrey Johnson Smith interviewing Brigitte Bardot. Geoffrey looked pretty good in those days and must have thought he was in with a chance, but B.B. parried his naughtier come-on's with great skill. 'Tell me about your . . . pets, Miss Bardot.' 'Well, I have a leetle black spaniel cocker and also a manqué who does pee-pee all the time.' Momentarily, Johnson Smith had the look of a man who wished he'd taken *this* one somewhere cheaper.

The *Tonight* crowd, of whom Johnson Smith was one, received extensive anniversary salaams, but it did not need Monty Python's Alan Whicker sketch to help us find something ridiculously dated and stereotyped in both the stance and the vocabulary of those prototype abrasives. And on the 'where are they now?' ticket it was mildly depressing to note that only two of them (or only two that I can think of) are still regularly on our screens: Cliff Michelmore on things like *So you think you know about . . . ?* (mocked here the other week) and Magnus Magnusson, who is currently wasting his time pandering to student bumptiousness on a programme called the *Balloon Game* (BBC-2). The idea of this will be familiar from your school debating society – famous historical figures plead for their right not to be kicked out of a faltering balloon – but what's unpleasant about the telly version is that, while it benignly encourages the pimply ones to be as flashily precocious as they can, it also takes care to remind them that it's years before they get to know as much as daddy knows.

A desperately renewed stress on the Olympic spirit was the only way David Coleman and Frank Bough could cope with the embarrassment of *The Closing Ceremony* (BBC-1) and it would be a soft man who did not chuckle to hear those shrill chauvinistic voices mellowing into tenderness for other races. Even the streaker (who many people at first took to be Coleman himself, finally gone crackers) was assimilated to this noble shift of ground: 'A man who captured the true spirit of the Olympic Games. 2,000 years ago, when the Olympics were born, they competed just like that.' In the arena itself, we saw freshly humiliated Red Indians welcoming candle-bearing athletes into their Olympic wigwams, or rather 'welcoming them to their homes'. The only sign that Coleman's choking rhythms disguised emotions other than love for his fellow men came with his reference to the 'medal mining machinery of East Germany'. He has been reading his English papers and therefore knows that winning races involves sacrificing political freedoms, that one of the reasons we are no good at games is that we are still permitted the right to be no good at games. In other words, the way things are, we *did well* not to win. Many viewers must have wished they'd been told these things two weeks ago.

Another – and definitely my last – word about *Bill Brand* (Thames). Having been a bit snooty about it when it first appeared, I must now confess to being hooked. Though surely last Monday's episode *was* unusually well organised and taxing. It contained no reference to Bill's downbeat private life and ducked none of the complications involved in the leadership struggle that results from Prime Minister Watson's resignation. Also it gave more screen-time to the excellent Alan Badel than to the continuingly static Jack Shepherd, which was fine by me.

Jazz

Charles Fox

Identity Parade

Dizzy Gillespie *Ronnie Scott's Club*
Dizzy Gillespie: Bahiana *Pablo 2625 708* (2 LPs) £5.20
The Trumpet Kings at the Montreux Jazz Festival 1975 *Pablo 2310 754* £3.25
The Bop Session *Sonet SNTF 692* £2.99
Dizzy Gillespie Reunion Big Band *MPS/BASF BAP5060* £2.99

Middle age remains a mystery to the young, a wasteland into which their heroes disappear. To jazz aficionados of my generation it seemed unnatural that Duke or Louis or Coleman Hawkins should one day sprout white hairs. Death from drink or dope or mishap – the fates of Bix, Rappola, Teschemacher – we understood, but King Oliver's demise at 52 in more than straitened circumstances was like confirmation of a disturbing rumour, a decisive moment in our growing up.

Rock fans must experience similar qualms, aware of arrogant puberty on the march, of superstars about to dwindle. The outcome there still remains shadowy, but in jazz, at least, the giants survived, helped in outwitting the shifts of fashion by the fact that they performed a music where what matters most is identity, an individual sound and style. Take Dizzy Gillespie. Edging close to 60, he looks grizzled compared with the perky youngster in those Forties photos. Yet although he has been much imitated, his own playing remains instantly recognisable. And from being an innovator and iconoclast, he has mellowed into the jazz equivalent of an academician.

Ageing brings its perils, however. Like Art Tatum's piano playing, Dizzy Gillespie's style has always involved getting close to technical perfection. Fluff a note in one of those elaborate runs and the impact gets smudged. A dozen years ago the whimsical side of Gillespie's persona seemed to be enlarging, disguising a decline in facility. (Even Louis Armstrong, after all, rationed his solos pretty stingily in later years.) Not so, however, with Dizzy on his most recent LPs. And not so – most of the time, anyway – at Ronnie Scott's Club.

True, Gillespie now sings a good deal, phrasing, just as Louis did, exactly the way he plays the trumpet. He spends quite a bit of time thwacking a set of conga drums. And he has expanded, if anything, his mastery of the sardonic pose, the poker-faced put-on: 'We are your cousins,' he announced blandly at the start of a set at Scott's (he stays there, by the way, until the end of next week), well aware that the audience, accustomed though it is to the proprietor's ironic sallies, was uncertain how to take him. But at its best his playing still dominates and dazzles, while his willingness to take risks remains an admirable trait.

Gillespie is backed up by a well-knit trio. Benjamin Brown makes his bass guitar sound too much like a string bass, but Mickey Roker is probably the finest drummer to work with the trumpeter in recent times, and Rodney Jones – very young and totally unknown over here – is a guitarist who, far from being content to clip familiar phrases together, actually constructs lines that stretch out, rather like Wes Montgomery in his early days.

Musicians who have been around as long as Dizzy Gillespie are expected to cater for the nostalgic. So there are versions – but lusty, with brand-new solos – of 'Night In Tunisia', 'Oo-Pop-A-Da' (taken at a break-neck tempo) and the Afro-Cuban classic, 'Monteca'. But Dizzy's devotion to Latin-based jazz goes back to the early Forties, when he used to sit in with Cuban bands in New York. (There is even a theory that the word 'rebop', soon to be changed to 'bebop', was a corruption of 'Arriba!', a congratulatory epithet that Cuban musicians hurled at one another.)

A newer piece, 'Olinga', stealthy, with Gillespie tiptoeing muted, can also be found in *Bahiana*, an album revolving round sambas, bossa-novas and other Brazilian-based forms and idioms. Nothing stands out

THE MAN WHO PARDONED NIXON
by Clark Mollenhoff
St. James Press £4.95

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dramatically; there are, for Gillespie, surprisingly few fireworks; yet a great deal of delicate, sensible playing goes on.

The Trumpet Kings puts Gillespie into some sort of historical perspective, for it presents him – in concert at Montreux last summer – playing not only alongside the man whose style he originally copied, Roy Eldridge, but another musician, Clark Terry, who while not exactly a disciple certainly reflects Gillespie's influence within his own urbane manner. Trumpeters of their generations thrive on cutting sessions of this sort, and, apart from a few arid patches, the level stays high. History gets conjured up, too, in *The Bop Session*, with Gillespie surrounded by musicians – Max Roach, Percy Heath, John Lewis, Hank Jones, Sonny Stitt – whom he worked with in the Forties, and playing tunes to match ('Groovin' High', 'Confirmation' and Tadd Dameron's delicious 'Lady Bird'). Evoking the past as nakedly as that can prove embarrassing, yet this LP avoids getting trapped in the period. The themes remain challenges, not excuses for musical reminiscing.

Milt Jackson once assured me that Dizzy Gillespie ranks next to Duke Ellington as a leader of big bands – and that the US Government ought to provide him with one on permanent standby. Certainly Gillespie always seems at his best in those surroundings. Unlike Miles Davis, who needs an arranger to scoop out a place for him, he relishes competing with his own brass section. The Reunion Big Band, recorded in Berlin in 1968, is what it claims to be: exciting, torrid, yet frequently far from immaculate – at the start of 'Con Alma', for instance. (Incidentally, MPS/BASF are in between distributors at the moment, but some shops should still have this disc on their shelves.)

One of the pieces included on that LP, 'Things To Come', was recorded originally in 1946 and burst on us with horrifying candour, a warning that jazz was not standing still and our heroes might be supplanted long before their heads grew grey. Listened to now, it fits neatly into the pattern of events, a part of jazz history – yet still packing enough audacity to induce a frisson. For even historical jazz inhabits the here-and-now as long as the musicians stay themselves, preserving – as Dizzy Gillespie so manifestly does – that vital sense of identity.

Music

Bayan Northcott

The Enchanted Grove

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians Fifth Edition edited by ERIC BLOM *Macmillan* £35.

Where did those Universal Victorians get their energy? Sir George Grove (1820-1900) trained as a civil engineer, put up lighthouses in the West Indies and worked on the Menai Bridge with Robert Stephenson. Yet his friendships ranged from Brunel to Browning and Brahms, and his career from the authorship of some 800 pages of a biblical dictionary to 40 years' worth of programme notes for the Crystal Palace concerts, from the publication of a geography primer to the discovery of important Schubert manuscripts, from the secretaryship of the Royal Society of Arts to the foundation of the Royal College of Music, of which he became the first director. Doubtless he was able to take it in his stride when the comprehensive dictionary of music which he began to publish in 1878 insisted upon extending itself from the two planned volumes to four.

Whether he would view its subsequent progress with equanimity is another matter. The sixth edition, which has already been in preparation for several years under the editorship of Stanley Sadie and is now scheduled for 1978, will incorporate the work of some 2,000 contributors in 14 volumes and will cost, on current estimates, something like £500. So that the reissue of the fifth edition in a handsomely printed and boxed ten-volume paperback set at a mere £35 looks something of a bargain. Of course it *is* 22 years out of date, apart from the supplementary volume added in 1961, and when Winton Dean allows himself a gratuitous slap at Bruckner and Mahler in an otherwise admirable entry on Criticism, one is reminded how tastes have changed. When, indeed, the writer on Opera refers to *The Threepenny Opera* as a 'modern perversion' of Gay's original, a whole vanished era of English insularity, with its gentlemanly contempt for filthy German decadence, stirs momentarily in the memory. Yet Grove 5 was also much praised at the time for its expanded scope – not least in the illumination such scholars as Thurston Dart and Robert Donington brought to early music – and might be assumed to remain sound enough on all music up to 1954.

Far-reaching discoveries and developments in method since then have admittedly revolutionised not only such studies as ethnomusicology, but also topics that had seemed established for good. Basil Lam, for instance, has recently argued a predating of many of J. S. Bach's works which suggests the startling possibility that he may have virtually written himself out as a practical composer as early as his mid-forties, devoting himself thereafter to a handful of more or less abstract contrapuntal masterpieces. The trouble with the Bach article in Grove 5 is that it comprises merely a cursory revision from a previous edition, already questionable in 1954, as Martin Cooper pointed out in an early review. Economics and zeal for the 'Grove tradition' doubtless played their part in the dictionary's balance of revisions to re-commissions (though Grove 6 will be almost entirely new) but it is hard not to feel that many shortcomings of this sort emanated from the personality of its editor.

Eric Blom, who died in 1961 and is now best remembered as critic on the *Observer* and author of the Master Musicians *Mozart*, seems to have taken a Johnsonian view of his role. His defence of the language is certainly conducted with vehemence:

> VOICE-LEADING. A German-American neologism which must on no account be allowed to intrude into the English language which has its own perfectly adequate term for what German musicians living in English-speaking countries wish to express by this new substitute. That term is 'part-writing', and it serves its purpose unambiguously, which cannot be said of 'voice-leading' . . .

Subsequent verbal horrors in American musical literature have lent Blom's forebodings their retrospective force. All the same, the tone of several of his entries suggests that a certain anti-American prejudice may have allowed him to accept rather too easily some particularly scrappy and inaccurate entries on the music of the US itself. Perhaps indeed

Edward Lowbury

Vision

'Vision,' we said, hearing how things turned out
  Just as the sage predicted; 'no mere guess:
He could see through appearances and probe
  Deep to those roots from which our future springs.'

'I had a vision,' he said; 'an angel stood
  Before me in a blaze of light; a mouth
Close to my face breathed in my ear, whispered
  "The New Jerusalem" – and I woke up.'

But one, stripped of half an eye's vision,
  Says 'Lord, let me keep what's left, to enjoy
The light of common day; spare my first sight,
  And you can keep foresight and second sight.'

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the editorial bias towards linguistic matters accounts for the fact that dating in general, especially in 20th-century work-lists is far from infallible.

But of course the vast bulk of the information – whether about composers' lives, instrumental techniques or, for that matter, musical postage stamps – is accurate enough. And after all it remains by far the largest English musical dictionary, until 1978 at least – or for as good as ever to those sans the odd £500. It could become supplementable too, since I gather that Grove 6 is being computer-set with a view to extracting shorter selections; in fact the gap since 1954 is already partly filled by the Thames & Hudson *Dictionary of Contemporary Music* (£9.50). Those with an unappeasable urge to discover how to finger the ophicleide or find out who Tieffenbrucker Gaspard Duiffoprugcar was could do worse than acquire Grove 5.

Films

John Coleman

Read the Book

The Secret *Paris Pullman*
The Outlaw – Josey Wales *Warner West End; Columbia*
Late Ozu *NFT*

Robert Enrico once made a remarkably good short film: it was a strong version of an Ambrose Bierce story, about a man being executed in the Civil War. It was a trick-movie, too. It interpreted the event to a degree of pain that hurt the watcher: I felt strangled. Subsequently, M. Enrico has made features; and they are less good than that rendering of *Incident at Owl Creek*. As a director, he is flash. *The Secret* is hugely well photographed. One is getting a bit used to films being beautifully shot these days, but this is very nicely taken, as well (the cameraman is Etienne Becker). The 'secret', one supposes, is that a nutter called David (strutted through by Jean-Louis Trintignant) has escaped from a loonie-bin and may or may not be a sick journalist. He encounters a desperately sympathetic – and troubled – couple, rather well played by Marlene Jobert and Philippe Noiret. They take to him – God knows why. I expect that if one had read the book, *Le Compagnon Indésirable*, one might have been in a heavier position to make sense of the plot, as visualised. Really, it is quite interestingly imaged. But it is also amazingly silly. 'The final message of awful possibilities is delivered with a clenched fist in a shock ending that explodes in a thought-provoking nightmare.' Approximately, that sums the nonsense up.

Next, please. Clint Eastwood, starring and directing in and around more rubbish, from a very weird book by an Indian who uses language like punches. Another good-looking movie, excellently 'lensed' by Bruce Surtees, *The Outlaw – Josey Wales* is self-loving America, a paperback occasion. A highly uncivil-War is the context, gauntly, mightily filled by Mr Eastwood with his slow, grim mouth and roughly 15 guns. Clint even lends himself to promoting the prose, by Forrest Carter: 'the sequence with Ten Bears is an unforgettable and suspenseful reading experience.' The level of illiteracy implied here is steadily maintained throughout the ongoing celluloid. *Josey* ought to be outlawed; and yet it has its deliberate charms. Chief Dan George (from *Little Big Man*), for instance, is terribly funny, a wrinkled old Cherokee who quietly says good things: there is an aged white lady, too, who has her lines. Mr Eastwood, however, surely spits more than is needed (I know this is supposed to be a running gag, but it becomes a chaw-bore), and – hunted as he is – he is a shade too messianic, back-lit and beautiful to be real. There is a quantity of nastiness on display, blood, near-rape, as well as the conventional sexuality, which one could have done without. America is oddly winning its golds, at the moment, pretending to be nice about its Indians, re-running its past, making dire jokes which are substantially less than comical. You could call it the Peckinpah-syndrome. And it goes with the sweetness, the sheer cleverness of its technique: the brilliance of its pictures – all sort of meaningless.

The tranquillity of Ozu, late or early, is something else again. Anyone within reach of the National Film Theatre should go and see what cinema can be about. His best works make this week's products ludicrous. He was a very special, very Japanese, yet utterly international creator. He worked at floor-level, they say; a lonely man, his events are all about the awkwardnesses, the hopefulnesses, the difficulties of family life; a genius.

Weekend Competition

No 2424 **Set by T. A. Dyer**

Hellenophile though he was, Byron appears to have written nothing about the Olympic Games. Two new stanzas from *Don Juan*, say, might repair this omission. By 20 August.

Result of No 2421
Set by Mama E. Moses

Cruising for a bruising . . . We wanted rhymed variations of this potent phrase.

Report **by The Hitch**

On the morning this comp was set, Spiro, Little Keith and I locked ourselves in a study with a pad and a ballpoint. We agreed that the first unit ('cruising') should express movement of some kind – preferably erratic and/or drunken perambulation – and that the second ('bruising') should express damaging come-uppance – preferably with strong overtones of sexual humiliation. Why, we produced 45 variations within – oh – as many minutes, thinking we had got the lot when we arrived at 'policing for a fleecing'. But at least 200 more were disclosed in this vast entry, yet another tribute to the flexibility of our fine tongue. Obviously there was going to be a lot of duplication, so I selected the winners (and here print them) chronologically. 50p apiece.

Lurching for a birching; angling for a mangling; hovering for a bovvering. BENJAMIN ROSS

Aiming for a maiming; heading for a shredding; touting for a clouting. TONY BERMAN

Riding for a hiding; shopping for a whopping. L. G. UDALL

Hasting for a pasting. ANDREW PAUL

Veering for a queering; bumbling for a tumbling. TIM HOPKINS

Jogging for a flogging; speeding for a bleeding. JOHN DACEY

Chugging for a mugging; scootering for a neutering. N. J. MOTH

Questing for a besting; wending for an ending. GEORDIE HAYES

Tripping for a whipping; strolling for a rolling. RICHARD JONES

Belting for a pelting; ferrying for a burying. JANET SMITH

Swanking for a spanking; cavorting for an aborting. B. BROCKLESBY

Pitter-pattering for a bit-o'-battering; straying for a flaying. NIK CORNWELL

Riding for a hiding; skipping for a whipping. JOHN STANLEY

Inching for a lynching; shopping for a topping; slacking for a whacking. MARY CLEMENCE

Tracking for a smacking; trailing for a flailing. DON CREANER

Curmudgeoning for a bludgeoning; maundering for a laundering; thundering for a chundering. RICHARD HARDING

Bumbling for a humbling. ANU MAVERICK

Strutting for a butting; trotting for a swatting. ANTHONY WORNUM

Prowling for a fouling; scouting for a clouting; thirsting for a worsting; grubbing for a drubbing ERIC ELSE

Running for a stunning; pelting for a belting. J. J. RAM

Coasting for a roasting; pattering for a shattering; humping for a bumping. DORIS PULSFORD

Training for a braining; scooting for a booting; trailing for a nailing. MARTIN SHERWOOD

Dashing for a thrashing; tripping for a whipping; skating for a slating. FRANCES GOMM

Speeding for a kneading. JETHRO B. TUCKET

Beckoning for a reckoning. PASCOE POLGLAZE

Trawling for a mauling; jogging for a slogging. TOM BREWER

Clattering for a battering; steaming for a creaming. ADAM KHAN

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Assiac

Chess Board

No 1393 Bloodthirsty Youth

'The bloodthirsty Youth of England has vanquished the German grandfathers' – thus spake Robert Hübner (himself, despite his long beard, still very far from grandfatherly status) at the dinner after the last Anglo-German match when the young British team had beaten the German one containing some four or five Grandmasters. Well, we've got our own young grandmaster now, and no doubt there will be quite a few more to come before very long. As for Tony Miles he's done quite well on various occasions since gaining the title, such as recently in Dortmund where he was up against several G.M.s and I.M.s. With six draws and five wins Tony safely scored an honourable third; here, White against Iskov, the Dane, is one of his attractive wins.

1) d4,Ktf6; 2) c4,e6; 3) Ktc3,Bb4; 4) Bg5,h6; 5) Bh4,c5; 6) d5,d6; 7) e3,Bc3:†; 8) bc:,e5; 9) Bd3,e4 A bit too impetuous; **10) Bc2,g5** Ditto; **11) Bg3,Qe7; 12) h4!,Rg8; 13) hg:,hg:; 14) Kte2,Ktbd7; 15) Ba4,Kd8; 16) Bd7::Bd7:; 17) Rb1,Kc7; 18) Kd2,Ktg4; 19) Rh7,Rh8; 20) Qb3!,b6; 21) Rh8:,Rh8:; 22) a4,Kte5; 23) a5,Rb8; 24) Ktd4!,Qe8** Rather meaningless, but to take the bait was even worse because of the pressure on d6 which will decide the game anyway; **25) Ktb5†,Bb5:; 26) cb:,Ktg6; 27) Ra1!,f5; 28) ab††,ab:; 29) Ra7†,Rb7; 30) Bd6:†!,** resigns.

And as this goes to press we have the splendid news of Tony sharing 1st and 2nd with Korchnoi in the very strong IBM tournament at Amsterdam. His greatest achievement yet!

Another recent success was achieved by one of our other youngsters, nay one of the 'veterans' getting on for 30. In the Sarajevo tournament Bill Hartston (with 9 out of 13) came first ahead of GMs Matulovic and Vukic (½ point behind) as well as GMs Tringov and Ivkov and some IMs. Even though ½ point short of that tournament's GM norm Hartston will probably have it awarded by F.I.D.E. thanks to his undivided first. It seems, alas, that he will not defend his title in the forthcoming British Championship in which Miles will be among the competitors. But he will, of course, be in the strong British team going to the sadly truncated Haifa Olympiad.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White uprooted the opponent's position in a mere 4 moves; and if I add 'watch the long diagonal' that's a very helpful *hint indeed. For 6 ladder-points* **B** *is an* instructive miniature, a win. Fairly obvious how, in a mere five moves, White hamstrings the Bishop trying to catch the a-pawn. **C** (for 7) is a win too, and it certainly wouldn't be but for that awkward Black double-pawn allowing White to gain two valuable tempi. A helpful hint, and it takes the moves to reach conclusions. Usual prizes, entries by 16 August.

A: Maroczy-Dozsa 1956: /r2rkt2k/1pqb1pktp/2p2Ktp1/8/1PP5/1Kt4PP/1Q3P1K/3RRB2/.

B: H. Otten 1892: /8/6b1/5k2/8/P3K1P1/24/.

C: J. Moltschanovski 1922: /16/3p4/8/3B4/p7/p1P4p/5K1k/.

Report on No 1390 *Set 16 July*

A: 13) Ktf6:! is unanswerable.

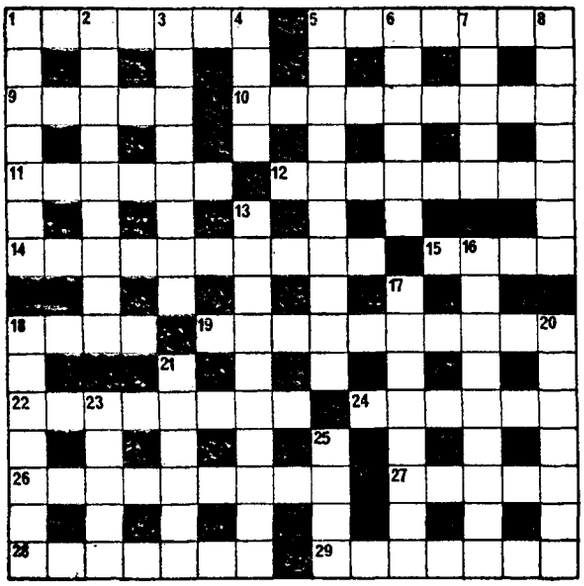
B: 1) Bg8:,Kg8; 2) Kf2,a3; 3) Kg3!,a2; 4) Kh4,a=Q; 5) Kh5!,Qg1; 6) h4!, etc.

C: 1) Bf2†,Kh1; 2) h7,c2†; 3) Be3!,Re3:†; 4) Kf2,Rh3; 5) Bd5†! (hg:=Q countered by . . . Rh2†; 6) Kf3,c1=Q), **cd:; 6) hg:=Q,Rh2†; 7) Kf3,c1=Q; 8) Qg2††!,Rg2:;** stalemate.

Alternatives for **A** acceptable. Prizes: C. Allen, J. Kelly (all the way from Mauritius), C. Sansom, A. Schneider, T. G. Whitworth.

Weekend Crossword 1176

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1176, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 17 August.



ACROSS

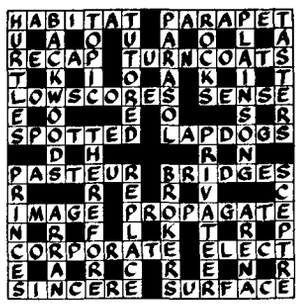
1. Shows amusement although sober in the ranks (7).
5. Before mother embraces one, giving a prize (7).
9. Woman from London is to retire next week (5).
10. Visit lion made up as a player (9).
11. Fed after holiday or leave (6).
12. Run down although potentially ill and almost better (8).
14. Dickens character who has to guide a vessel out into the open (10).
15. Bird gives one the opposite of kinship (4).
18. Former test batsman gets duck for county (4).
19. Ought carrying a broken reed to be taken as a responsibility? (10).
22. Those who bring relief are concerned with muffled curses (8).
24. A little quiet offensiveness is something to take one's stand on (6).
26. Of a famous labourer and a goddess pure (9).
27. The evil one is inside us at another's peril (5).
28. Most of the trouble is in the actual declining (7).
29. Mixed bar seen in town (7).

DOWN

1. This is about the time for crooks (7).
2. Disloyalty makes one eat cherry pie (9).
3. People who make one cross (8).
4. Rescue women when climbing (4).
5. Appropriate to fit up as a poet (10).
6. Call forth from angelic Italian girls (6).
7. I make a point about one being a fool (5).
8. Young producers are different in writing (7).
13. Dam a spring for this Scottish town (10).
16. A professional man, but being in trade is opposite of gentleman (9).
17. Right of patronage causes a fellow to be interrupted by promises (8).
18. To swot up with a woman is pedestrian (7).
20. Maddens extraordinarily with requests (7).
21. Fools caught in sand (6).
23. Shoots up in line across (5).
25. Class-conscious craftsman? (4).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1174



Prizewinners to No 1174

Clare Crostwait (Vancouver)
M. Popkin (Hastings)
Sean McMahon (Derry)

Accom. Vacant

FEMALE POSTGRADUATE seeks female flat-mate. W. Hampstead. Own rm. Share sitting-rm. £11 p.w. incl. 435 5107.

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The Sloane Club

52 Lower Sloane Street, London SW1W 8BS

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Accom. Wanted

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GIRL STUDENT seeks room in family house in South London. Prepared to pay up to £16 for full board. Will baby-sit. Box 4888.

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BOLTON AREA: Female coming to study, seeks bed-sit/flatlet from October on. Alternatively, same for a few weeks late August/September. Box 4826.

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Schools

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WORK AT THE TUC

The TUC needs an **Assistant** in its Social Insurance and Industrial Welfare Department to work in the fields of the social services and the environment.

Starting salary on a scale rising to £4,577, including London weighting.

Details from **General Secretary, TUC, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS.**

The Association of Broadcasting and Allied Staffs
wishes to appoint an
ASSISTANT GENERAL SECRETARY

Applications are invited from candidates with considerable experience as full-time trade union officials. The successful candidate will be responsible for servicing internal committees and negotiating with employers.

The salary is £5,252 p.a.

Written applications should be submitted to:
The General Secretary,
The Association of Broadcasting and Allied Staffs,
King's Court, 2-16 Goodge Street, London W1P 2AE.
before 31 August 1976. Mark applications 'AGS'.

BBC REQUIRES A PRODUCER to work in the Talks and Features (World Service) Department. Duties include arranging and producing talks, interviews, discussions and documentary programmes on a wide variety of subjects in the broad field of current affairs and communicating to contributors a clear sense of the purpose of current affairs broadcasting in the World Service. Essential qualifications are evidence of a wide knowledge of and keen interest in politics and world affairs; sympathetic approach to people and an understanding of the needs and interests of overseas audiences; journalistic or production experience. A good broadcasting voice and ability to conduct interviews at the microphone; experience of living and working abroad would be an advantage. Some night work will be required. Salary £4,341 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) x £168 and progressing after two years' fully satisfactory service by increments of £198 to £5,706 p.a. max. plus continuing unconsolidated allowance of £234. Write or telephone immediately for application form quoting reference 76.G.295 to Appointments Department, BBC, London W1A 1AA. Tel. 01-580 4468. Ext: 4619. NS.

MEMBER EDUCATION DEVELOPMENT Officer Co-operative Union Ltd. Servicing and promoting member education in Co-operative societies throughout Britain with particular emphasis on help for local committees and consumer education. Based at Loughborough the work involves some travelling. Accommodation may be available. Salary scale £2,793 to £3,612 starting point according to experience and qualifications. Further information and application form obtainable from The Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Limited, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics, LE12 5QR. Tel. 050-982 2333. Closing date for applications 30 August 1976.

LEADING LITERARY REVIEW requires responsible editorial assistant 3-4 days a week. Typing and ability to run office essential, interest in the arts preferable. Salary negotiable. Apply in writing, with details of yourself and why you want the job, to The Secretary, London Magazine, 30 Thurloe Place, London SW7.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART requires an Assistant Director and an Education & Information Officer (new post). Salary scales £2,552-£3,002 p.a. Closing date 20 August. Further details: The Director (NS), Museum of Modern Art, 30 Pembroke St, Oxford.

PART-TIME Gen. Sec. reqd mid Sept. Tower Theatre, Canonbury Place, N1 2NQ. Box Office, cash & other records, some typing. Ability with figures essential. Hours Tues.-Sat. 2-6.30 p.m., some Sats free. Salary £150 per month. Write, with age (no limit) & details career to above, marking envelope FS.

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and a

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Application forms and conditions of employment for both posts can be obtained from:

The Administrative Officer,
The Labour Party,
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London SW1P 3JA.
Telephone: 01-834 9434.

Completed applications should be returned not later than Friday, 20 August 1976.

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For application form and further details apply to the Headmaster. Applications should be returned by 20 August 1976.

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A Finance Officer is required to undertake the financial management of the Centre, to prepare and interpret monthly accounts, to assist Heads of Department with the preparation and control of their individual budgets and to advise the Director on overall financial strategy. The Finance Officer will also undertake the post of Company Secretary.

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requires a

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The person appointed will be responsible to the elected Council of members and will be required to lead the Union's negotiating teams, advise the Council on all aspects of industrial relations and manage the Headquarters office and staff in Coventry.

With its 4,300 members already constituting a majority of the Senior Staff in the Courtaulds Group, the Union holds sole negotiating rights for a substantial majority. There is, nevertheless, scope for the person accepting this challenging new appointment to increase both the membership and the sphere of influence of the Union and every assistance will be given by the Council.

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Apply in confidence with details of experience and qualifications to:

The Chairman,
Cosesa,
256 Foleshill Road,
COVENTRY
CV6 5AB.

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NEW STATESMAN
Vol. 92 No. 2368

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Exhibitions

HENRY MOORE'S Sketchbook 1926 facsimile edition and Stonehenge lithographs at Ganymed Gallery, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836.

EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS Southern Africa. The Imprisoned Society. Presented by International Defence and Aid Fund for Southern Africa in conjunction with the Africa Centre from 9-24 August, 12 to 6 Monday-Friday, at the Africa Centre, 38 King Street, London WC2. This exhibition of 80 photographs illustrates the facts of life for the black majority in white ruled Southern Africa with chilling force. 'Vividly portrays the horrific system of Apartheid' – 'Tribune'. Copies of the exhibition are available at £7.50 a set from: International Defence and Aid, 104 Newgate Street, London EC1A 7AP.

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Theatres

CHICHESTER. 0243 86333. 6, 7, 9, 11, 12 Aug. at 7.0, 5, 14 Aug. at 2.0 'Monsieur Perrichon's Travels'; 5, 10, 13, 14 Aug. at 7.0, 7, 12 Aug. at 2.0 'The Circle'.

LYTTELTON (New National Theatre) 928 2252. Frl. & Tues. at 7.45 p.m. Sat. & Wed. 2.30 'Plunder', by Ben Travers. Sat., Mon., & Wed. at 7.45 'Blithe Spirit'. Thurs. at 7.45 'Playboy of the Western World'. Over 100 excellent £1 seats on sale day of performance.

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Meetings

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY George Foggon, Director of the International Labour Office, on 'Help for Developing Countries', 7.30, 11 Aug. 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Collection, all welcome.

KRISHNAMURTI, the well-known revolutionary religious speaker and educator, will be holding public talks and discussion meetings at Brockwood Park Educational Centre, Bramdean, Nr Alresford, Hants, at 11 a.m. on 28, 29, 31 August and 2, 4 and 5 September. No tickets needed. For details of train and coach arrangements from London please telephone Bramdean 228.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 7 Aug. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 10 Aug. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY, S.a.e. for free pamphlets, booklist, programme of talks, September. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

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Publications

OUTPOSTS. Poems invited for future issues. S.a.e. to Howard Sergeant, 72 Burwood Rd. Walton-on-Thames, Surrey. KT12 4AL.

WORDS ET CETERA. The secondhand and rare bookshop devoted entirely to literature. Open: Sat. Sun., Tues., 2-6 p.m. Wed., Thurs., Fri. 2-11 p.m. From 30 Sept. Poetry Readings every Thurs. at 8 p.m. 89 Theberton St. N1.

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Personal

ENITAN
(10 years) is in need of a foster home. She is of Nigerian parents, both mother and father have abandoned her. She is an affectionate child and responds to individual attention. Due to her circumstances she is at present underfunctioning, and it is felt that this would be rectified if she were given attention. If you feel you can help and live within the reach of St Albans, please contact, Mr Bob Joel, St Albans Social Services, Catherine Street, St Albans.

HELP! Two young booksellers, cat & kitten, seek unfurn. room/flat with access to garden. Tel. 349 1888 after 6.30 p.m.

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SLEEP – GLORIOUS SLEEP with Kifa Ear Plugs 75p pkt incl. p & p. Svedmed. 15 Church St. Weybridge, Surrey, KT13 8DE.

VISION CORRECTED. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates practitioner, Michael Ronan, 39 Smith Street, London SW3. 935 9847.

ISRAEL KIBBUTZ schemes. For details send s.a.e. to Project 67 (NS), 21 Little Russell Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 3506.

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PROF. MAN, 51, single, wishes contact lady 30-40, companionship possibly marriage, young family welc. Wide interests, homeloving simple pleasures for contented life. Ever hopeful accepting challenges. South Wales. Box 4859.

MUSIC/LIT./ART LOVER (f.), div., with brains/looks/humour, seeks tall (m.) counterpart (48-58), with car/phone/no ties. London. Box 4860.

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